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REVIEWS.

HAMLET'S PEDIGREE.

Hamlet in Iceland. By Israel Gollancz, M.A. (Nutt.)

THE bulk of this comely volume consists of what is known as the Ambales-Saga, edited, translated and accompanied with illustrative extracts, among which specimens of the *rimur* or ballad cycles founded upon the same theme, are the most important. To Icelandic scholars the work, which displays Mr. Gollancz's usual accuracy and fertility of resource, will be welcome from beginning to end: Shakespeare scholars, we fear, will find it, in some respects, rather disappointing. For, as a matter of fact, the Ambales-Saga, although it has a common source with "Hamlet," is not in the direct line of the drama's ancestry. Both of them derive from *The Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus, of the Hamlet story in which the Saga is, according to its learned editor, a sixteenth or early seventeenth century version, "remodelled under the influence of popular folk-tales, Charlemagne and Arthurian romances, and the stories of Tamberlaine." Mr. Gollancz, indeed, thinks it possible that the Saga may contain some chance traits of a version of the Hamlet story earlier than that of Saxo, and preserved independently in popular tradition or folk-lore. But he is unable to point definitely to any such, with the exception of one, for which he himself suggests a more probable origin.

The Shakespearean, then, must turn from the text to the introduction, and here he will be rewarded with valuable and curious matter concerning the origin and the pedigree of Hamlet. The question has already attracted a good deal of discussion, and has been treated by Drs. Dettner and Zinzow, and in English by Mr. Oliver Elton in his notable translation of Saxo Grammaticus. But Mr. Gollancz, in his fully informed and most ingenious essay, seems to us to have carried the matter a stage further than anyone else has yet done. Unfortunately, he has not summarised the results of his own exhaustive handling in a very tangible form. Perhaps he thinks, rightly enough, that the

evidence hardly admits of any very probable conclusion. In the light of his research, however, some such provisional summary as the following may perhaps be attempted.

The earliest reference to Hamlet in Scandinavian literature is a very obscure one. A description of some ocean rocks contained in the fragment of a work written shortly after 980 A.D. by the Icelandic explorer Snaebjörn, runs as follows:

"'Tis said that far out off yonder ness, the nine maids of the island mill stir amain the host-cruel skerry-vern—they who in ages past ground Hamlet's meal. The good chieftain furrows the hull's lair with his ship's beaked prow."

This hardly carries its own explanation, but possibly Hamlet's meal is a poetical paraphrase for the sand, and the reference is to a saying of Hamlet recorded by Saxo, that the sand is meal ground small by the hoary tempests of the ocean. Then there is silence, so far as the extant Scandinavian literature is concerned, for two hundred years. And then comes Saxo. The story given by Saxo falls into two parts. Book iii. relates Hamlet's vengeance for the death of his father, Horwendil. Horwendil, lord of Jutland, has been slain by his brother Feng, who has taken the queen Gerutha. Hamlet, for safety, pretends lack of wits. Feng suspects, and sends Hamlet to the king of Britain with a letter desiring his own death. Hamlet confides in his mother, and bids her hang the hall with knotted tapestry by his return. On his way he alters the letter into a request for the daughter of the king of Britain to be given him in marriage. Presently he returns to Jutland, still shamming witlessness. During a drunken revel, he pulls down the knotted tapestry on the company and exacts his vengeance. Here the first part of the story, the part which drifted down to Shakespeare, ends. In book iv. Hamlet is chosen lord of Jutland. He returns to Britain, where the king, wishing to avenge Feng, compasses his death. Hamlet, however, marries a second wife, the Scottish Hernaltrude, and defeats the British by the device of fastening dead men upon stakes to look like living warriors. Finally, he departs for Jutland, where he falls in battle with Wiglek, king of Denmark.

It is obvious that the whole narrative shakes easily into two. There is the story of Hamlet's youth and revenge, and there is the further story of his wars in Britain, of his double marriage, and of the battle of the staked men. The first story is a bit of Aryan folk-lore, and has its congeners elsewhere. It may be called the story of the Feigned Dunderhead. The assumed witlessness of the hero is its central feature; and whatever the derivation of the name Hamlet, Saxo's Amlethus, the Icelandic Amloði, there can be no doubt that its significance either originally was or through this very story came to be "imbecile." The second story, on the other hand, is less folk-lore than legendary history, and it is the feature of Mr. Gollancz's book that he has succeeded in locating with a very great amount of probability the historical events in which it took rise. If you take this story by itself

it is strikingly parallel to the Anglo-Danish romance of Havelock; is, in fact, the same story. Now Havelock has been certainly identified with the Viking Anlaf, the son of Sitric Gale. These were Scandinavian settlers who established piratical kingdoms first in Dublin, secondly in Northumbria. From the latter they were driven by the battle of Brunanburgh, famous in English song, from the former by that of Tara. The adventures of Anlaf in Britain are in plain prose those ascribed to Hamlet and to Havelock in the legend.

But how did the story of the Feigned Dunderhead get tacked on to the legends of this Viking house? Mr. Gollancz has a very ingenious suggestion to offer. The Irish annals record in 917 the great battle of Ath-Cliath, in which the Scandinavian settlers under Sitric Gale beat the native Irish under Niall Glundubh. A contemporary Irish lament says, "Niall Glundubh was slain by Amhlaide." Now the Irish *Amhlaide* is precisely equivalent to the Scandinavian *Amloði* or Hamlet. Who, then, was Amhlaide? Other authorities say that the slayer of Niall was Sitric Gale himself. Surely there is a discrepancy. Mr. Gollancz thinks not. He suggests that Amhlaide is a nickname for Sitric and precisely equivalent in sense to his more usual nickname, Gale. Gale is probably the Norse *galiði*, the past participle of *gala*, "to bewitch," and means "bewitched," "imbecile." Why should not *amhlaide* be a variant of this name, not Scandinavian at all, but Irish in its origin, and connected with the word *amaideac*, "silly." It is curious that *amlaide*, in precisely the same sense, occurs in a fifteenth century Middle English poem, and is probably of Gaelic origin. We must leave the philology to others to assay. If it is correct, it certainly provides the desired explanation of the marrying of the folk-tale of the Feigned Dunderhead with the legends of the house of Sitric. If Sitric was the Dunderhead *par excellence*, what more natural than that the floating tale should become a romance of Sitric's youth. Only it is not Sitric but Sitric's son Anlaf, whom we succeeded in identifying with Hamlet-Havelock. This further difficulty Mr. Gollancz easily surmounts, by pointing to the close resemblance between *Amhlaide* and *Amlaibh*, the Irish form of Anlaf, through which a confusion of father with son might readily result. And so the whole process necessary to explain the evolution of Saxo's Hamlet has been reconstructed. As for Snaebjörn, Snaebjörn is so obscure that any discussion as to what story of Amloði he had in mind seems somewhat futile. But if he already had identified the Irish name with the folk-tale, then the evolution above described must have taken place very early, for Snaebjörn wrote only a few years, at most, after Anlaf's death. Doubtless a tenth-century Viking soon "won his way to the mythical."

What, then, of the original folk-tale of the Feigned Dunderhead itself? Its curious resemblance to the story of the revenge of Lucius Junius Brutus as told by Livy, Valerius Maximus, and others, has been often commented upon. And there is no doubt that the form in which Saxo gives the story has suffered contamination from the

Roman version. Saxo, in fact, borrows at least one Latin phrase straight from Valerius. Some scholars therefore conclude that the whole thing is merely a Scandinavian borrowing from classical myth. Even Mr. Gollancz speaks of "a current folk-tale of Hamlet derived in far-off days from Roman legend." But surely the theory of the diffusion of folk-tales by literary borrowing is being rapidly discredited. Why should not the Feigned Dunderhead belong to the common Aryan stock of folk-tale? We doubt not that many variants of it are discoverable elsewhere. What of the return of Odysseus? Odysseus, like Hamlet, sits waiting for vengeance in his own hall, disguised as a beggar scant of wit. And is it fanciful to trace in Penelope's web another form of that knotted tapestry which Hamlet bade his mother weave for his home-coming? Of course, all the primitive elements in the Odyssey have been immensely worked over and modified by the *trouvère*.

And what does it all matter? Does all this speculation about Hamlet's pedigree help us to understand one point more in Hamlet's soul? Frankly, we do not think that it does. Nevertheless, the quest is its own justification. It is not Hamlet criticism, but it is a curiously fascinating study in the process by which the world's stories came into being, and thus in the nature and constitution of the imaginative element in man.

LAWRENCE THE PACIFICATOR.

Sir Henry Lawrence the Pacificator. By Lieut.-Gen. J. J. McLeod Innes, R.E., V.C. With Portrait. (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.)

It was right that Sir William Hunter should include in his excellent "Rulers of India" series a life of Sir Henry Lawrence. Sir Henry Lawrence was never a ruler of India in the sense of being its Governor-General. The more is the pity, for had he been so, or even had the bulk of his co-administrators been possessed of his intimate knowledge of the natives, and his deep sympathies with their feelings, it is hardly too much to say that the Indian Mutiny would never have broken out. In the Punjab, in Rajputana, and finally in Oudh he proved himself to possess that power of putting crooked things straight which is characteristic of the born administrator. Finally, when the crisis occurred in 1857, the Court of Directors resolved, and Lord Palmerston's Ministry approved, that "Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, K.C.B., be appointed provisionally to succeed to the office of Governor-General of India on the death, resignation, or coming away of Viscount Canning, pending the arrival of a successor from England." Days before the appointment was made, Henry Lawrence had been struck by a rebel shell and had passed away in the Residency which he had so heroically defended.

The last chapter of his life-story is happily well-known. His earlier work is less

familiar to his countrymen. Henry Lawrence was born in Ceylon in 1806, and having obtained an Addiscombe cadetship, joined the Bengal Artillery in 1823. He saw service in Burmah, was stricken by fever, went home on sick leave, during part of which he was employed on the Irish Ordnance Survey, returned to India and worked hard at Oriental languages, and in 1833 was selected for service in the Revenue Survey. "Here," writes Sir Herbert Edwardes,

"he first really learnt to know the natives of India, and the best class of natives—the agricultural population. It was their villages, their fields, their crops, their interests of every kind, with which his eyes, hands, thoughts and heart were now occupied for five years. Instead of living in a European station, he pitched his tents among the people, under their trees, and by their streams, for eight months out of twelve. He saw them as military men seldom can see them, as all civilians ought to see them—in their homes and daily life—and thus learnt to sympathise with them as a race, and to understand their wants."

In 1838, on the outbreak of troubles with Afghanistan, Lawrence was appointed assistant political officer at Ferozpur, thus starting his connexion with the Sikhs and the Punjab. Here, too, he began "to enter into friendly relations with the surrounding independent chiefs, and to adjudicate, by their own request, in their disputes and boundary questions." Six months later, Ranjit Singh, the great amalgamator of the Punjab tribes, died; with the result that there was a contest for the inheritance among the various claimants for the throne. As invariably happens in these cases, the supreme power fell into the hands of the Khālsa, or army, which was induced by the Rani Jindan to place her son, Dhulip Singh, a minor, on the throne, and next to attack the British.

Henry Lawrence was present at Sobraon when the Sikh army was shattered by Sir Hugh Gough, and was appointed British Agent to carry out the settlement with the Council of Regency. Only about one-third of the agreed indemnity of one and a-half crores of rupees was forthcoming, so the Indian Government accepted Kashmir and Hazara as an equivalent, and then, as it did not want the trouble of administering Kashmir, handed it over for a large price to Ghulāb Singh, a Rajput, who had commanded the Sikh troops which fought for us during the Afghan war, and had abstained from joining the other Sikh chiefs in their recent attack. Ghulāb Singh, upon his endeavour to take possession of his new kingdom, was resisted in arms by the late Governor of Kashmir, Sheikh Emam-ud-din.

"Lawrence forthwith pressed the Darbār into collecting a force of 10,000 Sikh and Kohistāni (mountaineer) troops, with ten guns, under Darbār generals; and joining them himself, marched with them into Kashmir, where Sheikh Emam-ud-din, instead of fighting, surrendered to him personally. These Sikh troops had recently fought against the British under the same officers who now led them; and, unwilling as they were in their hearts to support Ghulāb Singh, whom the Khālsa hated thoroughly, they acted admirably in these operations, and drew warm commenda-

tions from Lord Hardinge. This was a great triumph for Lawrence, as a proof of his judgment of the merits of the Khālsa troops when properly managed, and of his personal influence with them and their leaders."

The Sikh Council had asked that the British troops should not be withdrawn from Lahore until the end of the year 1846, but as the time approached they feared the intrigues of the Rani, and begged the British Government to take over the guardianship of the State till the Maharaja should attain his majority. Accordingly, the Treaty of Bairowāl was drawn up, under which the country was to be administered by a Council of eight leading chiefs acting under the control of a British President, who, in the person of Henry Lawrence, became the real ruler of the Punjab. He had some admirable assistants—Abbott in Hazara, Lumsden in Yusufzai, and John Nicholson and Edwardes on the Indus—who acted in hearty accordance with his prescriptions, of which the guiding precept was: "Settle the country, make the people happy, and take care there are no rows."

In six months great progress was made, but then Lawrence's health broke down, and he had to go home.

"Short as the time had been, the whole country had been more or less surveyed; the fiscal and excise systems had been readjusted; oppressive duties and Government monopolies had been abolished; and roads had been started. Further, a simple code of laws, founded on Sikh customs, had been framed by a selected body of some fifty heads of villages."

This is typical of Lawrence's methods—he always trusted the natives where it was possible, though he had no illusions about them. "Many," he writes, "are clever in the extreme, acute, persevering, energetic, able to compete with the best of Europeans in ordinary matters, to surpass them in some; but the most accomplished character among them has its flaw." While Lawrence was in England there was an insurrection in Multan, which he would probably have nipped in the bud. As it was Lord Dalhousie allowed it to go on until it resulted in the second Sikh rising, which was finally ended by Lord Gough's overwhelming victory of Gujrat. Annexation was now the only possible policy, and Lawrence, now K.C.B., who had hurried out on hearing that his beloved Sikhs were in revolt, was appointed Chief Commissioner to carry it out, with his younger brother John (afterwards Lord Lawrence) and Mr. Mansel as his coadjutors. John Lawrence was a harder, drier man, more of the type of a Treasury official than Henry, whose wise motto was that "in public as in private life judicious liberality is in the end economy." Differences of opinion arose between them, which were referred to Lord Dalhousie, and not always settled by him in favour of the senior. At last both brothers tendered their resignations. Henry's was accepted, and he was appointed to Rajputana. Here for four years he did excellent work. He practically suppressed sati (suttee), and greatly reduced infanticide, by insisting on the principle that both these practices involved murder; and he obtained the confidence of the princes by inducing

Lord Dalhousie to forego his opposition to the system of adopting heirs. From Rajputana, at the beginning of 1857, he was transferred to Oudh, where he had just time to effect some needed reforms before concentrating all his energies upon preparations to resist the Mutiny.

"Colonel Newcome is the typical character that represents him most closely," writes General Innes, in summing up the mental and physical aspects of his hero. But surely Lawrence, with a not less tender heart than the dear old Colonel, had a far harder head. It was no "softy" who roused himself from his sick bed in the Lucknow Residency to rescind an order of the Administrative Council which he himself had appointed. Whether he was right in all his views of Indian administration is an open question. "Every man imputes himself"; and certainly, if only there had been plenty of Henry Lawrences to carry it out, his frontier policy of buffer states friendly to the British *raj* would have been splendidly successful. General Innes is not an ideal biographer. He goes rather too much into detail, instead of giving us a series of illuminating flashes upon the salient points of Lawrence's career. He is a little too fond, moreover, of giving long extracts from the despatches of Governors-General, which should, in a handbook of some two hundred pages, have been summarised. But no inadequacy of treatment can prevent the life-story of Henry Lawrence from being of absorbing interest. In spite of its faults of style, therefore, we can cordially recommend this account of the modest Christian hero who, according to his self-composed epitaph, "tried to do his duty," and who, as history records, never failed in his endeavour.

LITTLE MAIDS AT SCHOOL.

Work and Play in Girls' Schools. By Three Head Mistresses—Dorothea Beale, Lucy H. M. Soulsby, Jane Frances Dove. (Longmans.)

A GREAT many writers have assisted at the making of this book, but the central figure is Miss Beale, who has earned more than a local reputation as a most capable head of Cheltenham Ladies' College. That the other contributors are fired with her spirit appears from the fact that all of them are or have been on Miss Beale's teaching staff. We, therefore, willingly admit her claim that, though there are many writers, the book has unity of purpose. Further, it is interesting on every page, and, as might be expected, literally crammed with delightful and ingenious plans for making teaching at once pleasant and intelligent. No praise can be too warm for Miss Beale's methods generally, but—well, we falter at extending it to the teaching of literature.

As this is the subject in which we are most interested, let us follow our little maid to school and note the stages of her advance. Miss Beale assumes that she has come from the kindergarten, and has learned "to draw lines, straight and curved, developing into simple objects and curious patterns"; not

too curious, let us hope, since medical men are beginning to protest against this taxing of young eyes; certainly in the birthplace of kindergarten juvenile spectacles are at a premium. Pity Miss Beale has taken no account of the objections one hears parents raising on every side against certain attractive but physically injurious practices in this kind of school. However, she teaches first drawing, then writing, then reading, and "we lead on to writing" by explaining that the first letter of the alphabet is "a rude picture of the head of an ox," "Beth in Hebrew was a dwelling," and so on. We cannot help thinking that Miss Beale's pupils most likely picked up their letters at home, and are a little more advanced than she gives them credit for. In practice the results she obtains are so excellent that one hesitates to quarrel with her theory; but, suppose our little maid not to be exceptionally clever, and to have a less wise and experienced mistress, would not this be crowding too much on the undeveloped brain? This is how the work of teaching the alphabet is summarised:

"Thus the child could be taught to observe the movements for articulation, be interested in early writings, and prepared to look intelligently at ancient monuments. In teaching, the sounds of the letters will be given, of course, not their names, and the alphabet will be from the first classified and a basis laid for philological study. A shorthand alphabet will be learned side by side without trouble, and besides this the pronunciation will be improved—all this without any over-pressure or giving any instructions unsuited for a small child."

We fervently hope and trust that our little maid when she is learning the alphabet will not "look intelligently at ancient monuments"; if she ventures to do anything so unnatural her punishment shall be four months' withdrawal from school and a severe course of hoop and ball. In an excursus on spelling reform (which by the by appears to have been printed in Germany) Miss Beale zealously advocates a new alphabet and a kind of Volapuk or universal language. Without entering into any detailed criticisms of her views, we should like to hear her reply to this. If her "complete international alphabet" were adopted, does she expect that all our old books would be at once printed in it, or would the child who wished to know his or her own literature have to learn both the new and the old styles? Would she reprint all the books in the British Museum in the new spelling?

From this we may pass to a subject that is peculiarly interesting to readers of the ACADEMY. What do girls read? In the first place Miss Lumby draws up an ideal course for them, which we shall transcribe with a few comments of our own, and afterwards Miss Beale gives a list drawn from information supplied by her pupils. Needless to say, there is a mighty difference between the real and the ideal. This is Miss Lumby's course:

"Age 10-12.

(First Year.)

Macaulay's *Lays*; *Marmion*; *Kingsley's Heroes*; *Keary's Heroes of Asgard*.

(Second Year.)

Evangeline, Hiawatha, Enoch Arden, Ancient Mariner; *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare (sic)* and *Ivanhoe*.

Age 12-14.

(First Year.)

Midsummer Night's Dream, Lady of the Lake, Deserted Village, Gulliver's Travels, Kenilworth.

(Second Year.)

Merchant of Venice, Childe Harold, Morte d'Arthur, Vicar of Wakefield, Essays from the Spectator.

Age 14-16.

(First Year.)

As You Like It, Henry V., Gray's Elegy, The Princess, Esmond, Some of the Essays of Elia (sic).

(Second Year.)

Faerie Queene (Book I.), Julius Caesar, Milton's Minor Poems, Macaulay's Essays on Clive and on Mme. D'Arblay, Sesame and Lilies.

Age 16-18.

(First Year.)

Macbeth, Paradise Lost (I. and II.), The Holy Grail, Areopagitica, Burke's Speeches on America.

(Second Year.)

Hamlet, Essay on Man, Selections from Wordsworth, Bacon's Essays, Rasselas, Carlyle's The Hero as Poet and The Hero as Man of Letters."

The little maid would probably smile her thanks if at ten a good book of fairy tales—Perrault or Grimm, Andersen or Abjörnson—were substituted for the *Lays*. At eleven she would like *The Grandmother* and *Dora* and *The May Queen* better than *Enoch Arden*; and it is, indeed, rather early to acquaint her with the crime of bigamy. And to think of *The Pilgrim's Progress* being entirely omitted! At fourteen would she not enjoy R. L. S.—his *Travels with a Donkey*—rather more than Addison and Steele? And does the British maiden still read *Childe Harold, Areopagitica*, Burke's speeches, *Rasselas*, and Bacon's *Essays*? We fancy her making a little *mou*, and giving a shrug to her young shoulders—they all savour of the mid-Victorian "seminary for young ladies."

Besides, we have Miss Beale's word for it that there is a private rebellion against this style of reading. At the end of the chapter on teaching modern history there is appended a most curious list of historical novels "chosen from lists furnished by the pupils." It runs to nine or ten pages, so we must overcome the temptation to quote in full and be content with a few extracts. Supposing our pupil to be studying the period 1714-1815, she is recommended to read in the first place *Rob Roy, The Heart of Midlothian, Waverley, Guy Mannering, Red Gauntlet (sic)* and the *Antiquary*, and as next in authority the following stories by Mr. Henty: *Bonnie Prince Charlie, A Jacobite Exile, With Frederick the Great, Hold Fast for England, With Clive in India, With Wolfe in Canada, In the Reign of Terror, True to the Old Flag, One of the Twenty-Eighth, With Moore at Corunna, Through Russian Snows*.

We do not know how many "historical novels" Mr. Henty has written, but fourteen others are mentioned in this library for

young ladies. Needless to say, he figures more largely than Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, Gordon Stables, C. M. Yonge, or any other contemporary writer. It appears he is read with Harrison Ainsworth, G. P. R. James, and certain others who, we confess to have thought, were rotting, unopened, on the shelves of provincial libraries. Robert Louis Stevenson, on the other hand, is not represented by a single book for this or any other period. Neither the young ladies of Cheltenham nor their mistresses appear to have yet discovered him.

Literature is evidently not the strong point of this, in other respects, most admirable book. In dealing with music, it is laid down with unexceptional soundness that "no bad music should be given to a pupil for any purpose or under any circumstances." Does not this apply still more to books? We have no desire whatever to say a word against Mr. Henty, who has written many lively and harmless story books for boys, but there is something violently wrong with the book that, as serious aids to historical study, recommends twenty-six of his volumes and not one of Stevenson's; and the reading of G. P. R. James and Harrison Ainsworth can only fill the mind with bad notions of history and still worse of art. Young ladies are in more need of intelligent direction in regard to literature than of an "international alphabet" to seal the old books to them.

THE NEW PAPYRI.

The Oxyrhynchus Papyri. Part I. Edited by Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt. (Egypt Exploration Fund.)

THE site of the once famous city of Oxyrhynchus is now occupied by the petty little hamlet of Behnesa. It lies on the edge of the Libyan desert, and its rubbish-heaps and kitchen middens are a favourite haunt of those who go down into Egypt to search for papyri. For of old Oxyrhynchus was a flourishing provincial capital, a centre of Romano-Egyptian civilisation, and a stronghold of African Christianity. In the winter of 1896, two members of the brilliant band of classical archaeologists whom Oxford owes to the Craven foundation, Messrs. B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt, spent some months in excavating this promising locality. They secured an abundant yield of papyrus fragments belonging to all dates from the first to the seventh century, and since their return to England their time has been fully taken up with deciphering and studying the *trouvaille*. The present comely volume, with its elaborate apparatus of critical comment and photographic facsimile, is the first instalment of the fruit of their labours. It contains a selection of the most important documents, from a literary, historical, or palaeographical point of view, among the fifteen hundred or so papyri that they have as yet been able to examine. Roughly speaking, these fell into two groups. The larger consists of over a hundred non-literary documents, mainly legal or commercial in their character, and

throwing a flood of light upon the complex and multifarious constitution of Roman provincial society. There are appointments and reports of public officers, records of law suits, agreements for sale, inventories, wills, receipts, private correspondence of all sorts and conditions of persons. From their very insignificance, these are, in some ways, as unconscious revelations of sides of antiquity which no one would have thought it worth while deliberately to preserve, perhaps the most interesting part of the collection. Like Pompeii, they fossilize humanity, and fossilize it in moments when it forgot to pose. But their interest is rather for the sociologist and the historian than for literature. The classical scholar watches the unrolling of papyri with a beating heart. They represent to him his last chance for the unearthing of treasures long held as lost. Anything may come out of a papyrus at any moment. Bacchylides, Herondas, Menander, the Athenian Polity of Aristotle—are not these already more than mere names only since the chase began? Just as the Renaissance scrutinised with keenly acquisitive eyes the freight of Greekish refugees with their pockets full of MSS. from the east of Europe, so does his Victorian successor scrutinise the publications of the British Museum and the Egypt Exploration Fund. They bring him new worlds to conquer, virgin soil for his emendations, that no Scaliger, no Bentley, no Dindorf has worked over. You picture Prof. Blass fluttering about the unpacked rolls, with his critical steel half out of the sheath. Of literary fragments Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt offer about thirty. Many of these texts are, of course, not absolutely new. At most they afford new readings of extant works: theological, such as the Gospels of St. Matthew and Mark, or the Acts of Paul and Thecla; classical, including bits from Homer, Thucydides, Herodotus, Plato, Euclid, Virgil. And among the real novelties some are unimportant. A fragment of a chronological or metrical treatise, or of a Gnostic speculation on the "upper" and "lower" soul, is not exciting. Others are so mutilated that they do not come to much. There are two fragments from comedies, possibly by Menander or some disciple of Menander, a few lyric lines which Prof. Blass ascribes to Alcman, a few elegiac lines and some incomplete epigrams apparently designed as flute songs. The literary texts of first-class importance are thus reduced to two. Of these, the "Sayings of Jesus" has already been published by the same editors in a separate pamphlet, and has, naturally enough, excited a vast deal of criticism and controversy. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt now publish, for the sake of completeness, a revised text and translation, in which they adopt one or two of the numerous conjectures which have been lavished on the text of the fragment. They defer a detailed discussion of the literature which the subject has evoked, contenting themselves here with summing up briefly as follows:

"With regard to the questions of origin and history, we stated in one edition our belief in five points: (1) That we have here part of a

collection of sayings, not extracts from a narrative gospel; (2) that they were not heretical; (3) that they were independent of the Four Gospels in their present shape; (4) that they were earlier than A.D. 140, and might go back to the first century. These propositions, especially the first, have, as is natural, been warmly disputed. Attempts have been made to show that the 'Logia' were extracts from the Gospel according to the Egyptians (Harnack), the Gospel according to the Hebrews (Batiffol), or the Gospel of the Ebionites (Zahn); and Gnostic, mystic Ebionite, or Therapeutic tendencies, according to the point of view, have been discovered in them. On the other hand, our position has received the general support of critics such as Swete, Rendel Harris, Heinrici, and Lock; and so far the discussion has tended to confirm us in our original view."

Apart from the "Logia," the gem of the collection is an Æolic ode, which the editors, greatly daring, venture to attribute to Sappho herself. Nor are they without reasonable grounds for this conjecture, for the poem, which makes allusion to the home-returning and past transgressions of a beloved brother, cannot fail to recall a certain episode in the life of Sappho narrated by Ovid and others. Sappho had a brother Charaxus, a wine-trader. Charaxus fell in love with the "rosy-cheeked" Rhodopis, a famous Lesbian light o' love. He ransomed her from slavery, and spent all he had upon her. Sappho, so the story goes, was excessively angry, and somewhat rashly gave vent to her indignation in lampoons. This led to a violent quarrel between brother and sister, and although Sappho wrote many songs afterwards to effect a reconciliation, Charaxus remained obdurate. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt suggest that their fragment may be one of the olive-branch songs in question. Unfortunately it has lost its beginning and end, and what survives is badly mutilated. But the invaluable Prof. Blass has not hesitated to attempt a restoration; and of the four stanzas which he has been able to reconstruct, Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt offer a verse translation:

"Sweet Nereids, grant to me,
That home unscathed my brother may return,
And every end, for which his soul shall yearn,
Accomplished see!

And thou, immortal Queen,
Blot out the past, that thus his friends may know
Joy, shame his foes—nay rather, let no foe
By us be seen!

And may he have the will
To me, his sister, some regard to show,
To assuage the pain he brought, whose cruel blow
My soul did kill.

Yea, mine, for that ill name
Whose biting edge, to shun the festal throng
Compelling, ceased awhile: yet back ere long
To goad us came."

Whisper it not in Gath, but, after all, the ode, though undeniably interesting from the point of view of literary history, is not precisely inspired. Sappho, one begins to fear, did not always sing

"Songs that move the heart of the shaken heaven,
Songs that break the heart of the earth with pity,
Hearing, to hear them."

The third stanza is the best, in the Greek; but then the third stanza is nearly all Prof. Blass. We wait with some trepidation for the moment when the spade of the excavator shall disinter a complete Sappho.

Among the miscellaneous non-literary papyri which make up the bulk of the volume a group of private letters are, perhaps, the most full of interest. They are merely ordinary every-day letters, of the sort that one naturally throws in the waste-paper basket. Two or three are formal invitations. "Herais requests your company at dinner on the occasion of the marriage of her children in her house, to-morrow, the fifth, at nine o'clock." The formula appears to be a secular one, although Herais was not in the habit of giving long notice of her entertainments. Petosiris writes to Serenia, to invite her to town for a religious feast: "Be sure, dear, to come up on the 20th for the birthday festival of the god, and let me know whether you are coming by boat or by donkey, in order that we may send for you accordingly. Now, don't forget." Irene writes to Taonnophris and Philo a letter of sympathy on the death of their child Eumoeus:

"Take heed, dear friends. I was as much grieved and shed as many tears over Eumoeus as I did over Didymus, and I did all that was fitting, and so did all my friends, Epaphroditus and Thermouthion and Philion and Apollonius and Plantas. But still there is nothing one can do in the face of such trouble. So I leave you to comfort yourselves. Goodbye."

For nearly two thousand years, then, bereaved mothers have been consoling each other with these inarticulate phrases, and have taken comfort to their souls in the due performance of "all that was fitting." And a month later Irene is sending Taonnophris and Philo a little present of dates and grapes and pomegranates, and asks them to pay off a workman for her, and to send her "two drachms' weight of purgative, of which I am in urgent need."

NORTHERN HUMOUR.

Scottish Life and Humour. By William Sinclair. (Haddington: Sinclair.)

THIS little book is an unobtrusive member of a large family. No country can compete with Scotland in the number and energy of its local *literati*. Every parish has its chronicler, and if the local history be exhausted, there remain local custom and local wit, and straightway the world is presented with a compendium of anecdotes. It is a pity that some vast index could not be prepared for such collections. There are some three or four original jokes in the world, and to trace the descent of their innumerable offspring would be a task for the subtlest of folklorists. Were they indexed by the word on which the humour hinges one might have to hand an invincible weapon to confuse the impostor who tells all stories in the form of autobiography.

Our quarrel, then, with this book is that the index is not nearly full enough. As far as it goes it is a curiosity, with such entries

as these: "Highland inn, where to spit, 4"; "Lady, old, and the villain who kissed and told, 14"; and "Volunteer officer whose breeks were wounded, 57." Then the stories are badly set down, generally with a great deal of unnecessary verbiage in the shape of comment and introduction. Frequently, too, the editor's sense of humour is more keen than his reader's, and some of the tales go far to justify the notion that a Scotch story is any jumble of dialect you please, provided you put "Ou, ay" at the beginning and "Whatever" at the end. Most of the best are old—very old indeed—but still there is a respectable sprinkling of new ones; and the advantage of the arrangement in chapters is that he who is not interested in old banal jokes about ministers and the Sabbath may skip the whole section.

What, indeed, may be the specific quality of traditional Scotch humour is hard to determine. Partly it is a naïve solemnity in trivial matters, partly an equally naïve levity in serious affairs. The farmer and his wife who lived so quiet a life that when a sheep died they sat beside the fire and talked about the next world, are instances of the first; the minister who began his prayer, "Paradoxaical as it may seem to Thee, O Lord," is a sort of far-away example of the second. But much of the humour in Scotch tales comes from the inimitable dialect, and the subtle and comic exaggeration which lurks in it. It is a manner of speech which may be extraordinarily taciturn and exact, and, in the next sentence, full of the farcical humour of extravagance. The author of this compilation professes a great regard for Dr. Hately Waddell's Scotch version of the Psalms, but this has always seemed to us an unfortunate attempt to overdo the idiom and mix up the obsolete and the current. The Scotch part of "Underwoods," say, is purer and racier Scotch just because it represents one tradition, and that a spoken tradition, and not a mixture of several. The language, then, for the English reader is some part of the charm—a greater part, perhaps, than for the native, for whom the riches of dialect are staled by familiarity.

But, after all, the main subject of the humorous story is the eccentricity of some imaginary type of Scotch character—its petty economies, obstinacy, and self-confidence. Mr. Sinclair's stories in this vein are generally ancient, but now and then he seems to have stumbled on a novelty. There is a fine "canny" inconsequence about the will of the old laird, in which was written: "I leave to my son, Willie, the twa black-faced yowes that were lost last week, if they're foun' oot. An' in case they're no foun' oot, I leave them baith to my faithful servant Donal." Here, too, is a good version of a well-known story in the same vein:

"In a case which recently came up for hearing, a certain witness was called. On the mention of his name, a man rose up and said, 'He is gone.' 'Where is he gone?' said the judge; 'it is his duty to be here.' 'My lord,' was the solemn reply, 'I wadna care to commit mysel' as to whaur he's gone; but he's deid.'"

One could build up from such stories a fine set of paradoxes on that typical Scotch

character which they are supposed to illustrate. It is narrow, limited, prosaic—like the old Caithness laird in the story. When travelling with a friend he stayed the night at a small inn. "Ye'll be frae Caithness?" he said to the maid. "No," rather curtly. "Frae Sutherland, then?" "No," a little sulkier. "Oh, I hae't; ye're frae Ross-shire?" "No," still. "Ye maun be frae the Mearns, then?" The "No" was nearly smothered by the slamming of the door. All the evening the laird was thoughtful and abstracted, and when he took his candle to go to bed, he said earnestly to his companion, "Whaur can that puir lassie be frae?" On the other hand, it is imaginative, above the conventions of ordinary speech, and abundantly generous, like the Highland boatman who was asked how the weather would turn out. "It wull be a fine day," he said. "To be sure, there wull be shoors, and maybe there wull be rain atween, but it wull be a verra fine day." It is niggardly and cautious, like the man in the Moray floods, who, after saving several lives, went back and nearly lost his life in trying to rescue his hat. Again, it is no less rash and extravagant, like the Chartist weaver who expounded his political creed at length to the minister of the parish. When he had concluded, he turned and demanded an answer. "In my opinion," was the reply, "your principles would drive the country into revolution, and create in the long run national bankruptcy." "Nay-tional bankruptcy!" said the old man meditatively, diving for a pinch. "Div-ye-think-sae?" Then, briskly, after a long snuff, "Dod! I'll risk it!"

BRIEFER MENTION.

The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome K. Jerome. (Hurst & Blackett.)

MR. JEROME does not make us laugh—perhaps because we are such busy fellows. Here is a specimen from *The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, wherein is described an interview with a rocking-chair which a "young gentleman friend of mine" had made out of a couple of beer barrels:

"I had called, and had been shown into the empty drawing-room. The rocking-chair nodded invitingly at me. I never guessed it was an amateur rocking-chair. I was young in those days, with faith in human nature, and I imagined that, whatever else a man might attempt without knowledge or experience, no one would be fool enough to experiment upon a rocking-chair. I threw myself into it lightly and carelessly. I immediately noticed the ceiling. I made an instinctive movement forward. The window and a momentary glimpse of the wooded hills beyond shot upward and disappeared. The carpet flashed across my eyes, and I caught sight of my own boots vanishing beneath me at the rate of about two hundred miles an hour. I made a convulsive effort to recover them: I suppose I overdid it. I saw the whole of his room at once, the four walls, the ceiling, and the floor at the same moment. It was a sort of vision: I saw the cottage piano upside down, and I again saw my own boots flash past me, this time over my head, soles uppermost.

Never before had I been in a position where my own boots had seemed so all-pervading. The next moment I lost my boots, and stopped the carpet with my head just as it was rushing past me. At the same instant something hit me violently in the small of the back. Reason, when recovered, suggested that my assailant must be the rocking chair. Investigation proved the surmise correct. Fortunately I was still alone, and in consequence was able, a few minutes later, to meet my hostess with calm and dignity."

Mr. Jerome has shown that as a serious journalist he can write well and to the point. Let him now discard the cap and bells. There is room only for one kind of humour, and one kind of pathos—the best.

Side-Lights of Nature in Quill and Crayon.
By Edward Tickner Edwardes. (Kegan Paul.)

WE imagine this to be a first book, and, if so, its faults are easily forgiven. The chief of them is a habit of over-elaboration. Certain writers on open-air subjects, perhaps out of a laudable wish to avoid the rough-and-ready rollicking slovenliness of the ordinary English sporting author, fall into the opposite extreme, and cultivate cadence and select adjectives till the object they achieve is one of absolute preciousness. This is the pitfall into which Mr. Edwardes has fallen. He will not let his blackbird sing, it "chants the red morning from its misty lair"; morning does not break, "the first grey thread of the dawn wavers up into the starshine." Too often does the "precious" phrase broaden into vague extravagance like this: "The great springtide of blossom floods with glamorous colour and entrancing form every green hill and scented valley in the land." Now, we trust that, because we point out what is really a note of false distinction in the style, it will not be concluded that our desire is to encourage carelessness of form. It is only bad form that is objected to. To attain the beauty of simple writing, a still more careful selection of words, a search for deeper music, are required. Mind and ear grow weary of these adjectives simply because in nine cases out of ten they are inserted merely for the sound and convey no meaning whatever. That intangible beauty which, for want of a better word, is termed charm, comes but to a slight degree from choice of language, it is an emanation of the writer's personality, a test of the humanity in him. As Mr. Edwardes gains experience he will trust less to the dictionary.

Beyond style there is nothing to comment upon in the eighteen papers which make up the volume, for the homeliness of the writer's themes is in marked contrast to the exotic character of his language. They, in his own words, "lay claim to no more importance than may be attached to them as earnest records of happy solitary rambles—in storm or sunshine, year in year out—among the green woods and meadowlands of Kent and Sussex." But yet themes such as these—the coming and going of birds and flowers, starlight and moonlight and sunshine, the endless pacing minuet of the seasons—have inspired some of the noblest passages in the

English tongue. Nor can we forget that they, in one form or another, form the background of all human action. It is well worth the young writer's while to inquire what are the means by which the true quality of simplicity is obtained. He has to remember that he lives after a time of masters in it. Look with what apparently simple means a Tennyson in verse, a Stevenson in prose, achieved the objects here aimed at in vain. The "noble baldness" which Stevenson praises is a higher ideal to strive at than this thin, sugary, adjectival verbiage. But perhaps the root of the matter lies in this, that the most indispensable gift is that of imagination; and word-painting is usually adapted to conceal its absence.

In thus emphasising the salient weakness of these essays it will be understood that we are not inappreciative of their merits—the care, accuracy of observation, and evident sympathy with and love of beauty with which they are done. We have no doubt that many people will purchase the book, if only for the pretty sketches with which Mr. Haité has illustrated it—sweet and well-chosen glimpses of nature that are worthy of a more ripened text.

The History of the Church of St. Mary-on-the-Hill, Chester. By the late J. P. Earwaker. Edited by Rupert H. Morris. (Love & Wyman.)

WE cannot do more than call attention to this careful antiquarian compilation. A feature of the book is its lengthy extracts from the registers of the church under consideration. These registers are in preservation back to 1628, and there are transcripts in the Bishops' Registry at Chester and elsewhere of earlier registers, now lost, extending back to 1547. The entries of which this volume gives a selection illustrate the changes in ritual and doctrine which came over a country church in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. They also abound in curious references; and old dialect words are not uncommon. Dipping at random into the pages we find the following entry under 1631: "Thomas Laceby, a prisoner, prest to death, bur. in church yard on the north side the steeple the 23th day of Aprill." Such pressings to death seem to have been common at Chester, and the churchyard of St. Mary's often received the bodies of criminals who had been thus treated. The horrible custom was that a prisoner refusing to plead saved his property from being forfeited to the Crown, but had to undergo a dreadful punishment. Mr. Earwaker thus describes his fate:

"He was stripped naked and laid on his back in a cellar, with his arms and legs stretched out. A board was laid across his body, and on this was piled up weights and stones 'as much as he can bear and more,' and these remained on him until he either volunteered to plead or till death released him from his sufferings. On the first day he was allowed 'three morsels of barley without any drink,' and on the second day, 'two drinks of stagnant (not running) water, without any bread'; and as the judge said, when he decreed this penalty, 'this shall be his diet until he is dead.' The duration of this punishment depended on the

strength of the prisoner, and in some cases it was known to have lasted from a Saturday till the following Monday night, or more than forty-eight hours, during which the wretched man's sufferings must have been intense."

In 1643 began entries of the burials of soldiers killed in the Civil War. The custom which obtained of burying persons in their own pew, or in that of a surviving relative, is often noticeable, thus: "1649—Mr. Peter Starkie buried in his wives pue 7th of July." The list of churchwardens of St. Mary-on-the-Hill would be a fine possession for any church. It is unbroken from 1536 downwards. The churchwardens' accounts, as preserved, also begin in 1536, and are full of suggestive matter. Many of the entries are of importance to students of ritual. It should be added that the sudden death of Mr. Earwaker, while this work was on his hands, necessitated its completion by others. Mr. Morris appears to have discharged his editorial duties with every care.

Where Wild Birds Sing. By James E. Whiting. (Sydney C. Mayle.)

IT was very truly remarked by Mr. Gladstone that "the neglect of natural history was the grossest defect of our old system of training the young," but it is equally true that this defect remains almost untouched. Mere school-books and text-books, however important and valuable, can never awaken the interest and observation which alone make the study of natural history education; it is necessary to bring children into contact with nature itself through those who are already enamoured of her. Such an opportunity is afforded by the recent publication of this unpretentious volume of a naturalist's notes, not intended primarily for the young, but eminently suited to arouse their interest, and therefore strongly to be recommended as a reader for schools. Not only is the language of the simplest, but the expression is chaste, and as month by month the beauties of our fields and hedge-rows are unfolded, few could fail to share the writer's love for his theme. But the peculiar value of this little work is that its author is a working naturalist, a born naturalist, although once a ploughman, whose performance is therefore the more creditable and encouraging.

The Architectural Review. Vol. III. (Effingham House.)

THE third volume of this publication gives proof of the promoters' intention to maintain it as a first-class organ of the architectural profession. No handsomer volume could be laid on a table, and the illustrations are by such able artists as Sir Edward Poynter, Mr. Whistler, Mr. John Sedding, Mr. Joseph Pennel, Mr. George Haité and Mr. Oliver Hall.

Among the subjects treated, the life and work of Pugin are dealt with in three articles, and a longer series is devoted to Jean Carriès, a little-known French sculptor. Beverley Minster, Canterbury, Chartres Porches, and the Early Mosaics of St. Mark's, Venice, are also discussed and illustrated. Altogether, the magazine is doing its work well.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

WILD EELIN.

By WILLIAM BLACK.

This story by the admired author of a score of delightful novels sets forth the escapades, adventures, and sorrows of Miss Eelin Macdonald, of Kinvaig. The tone of the book is foretold in the lines facing the title-page:

"Loud winds, low winds, to every maid her lover,
Where'er the sunlit shines, where'er the shadows hover;
But my dear love comes never, oh, never, back to me,
Nor by the shore, nor by the hills, nor by the Northern Sea."

(Sampson Low. 469 pp. 6s.)

IN HIGH PLACES.

By M. E. BRADDON.

Miss Braddon's latest. "A grim companion for a child of seven summers, this dark-browed patriot, with the dagger-knife shown in his right-hand pocket, and all his thoughts fixed on that knife, and the deed it was to do." This is a fertile sentence from an early page. (Hutchinson & Co. 371 pp. 6s.)

PEGGY OF THE BARTONS.

By B. M. CROKER.

Mrs. Croker is a very popular writer of love stories, and her readers will quickly discover that this story of angling and love is to their taste. The Bartons are three villages—Upper, Nether, and Middle. Thus Mrs. Banner, of the "Dog and Crook," hints of Peggy's beauty: "I believe a painter—I mean a picture painter—was terribly anxious to make a drawing of her; he stayed here, and raved about her. But they are all queer, cracked folk, them artists. He said he was going to do her as a 'primrose by the river brim.' Did ye ever hear of the like? Lord, how we did laugh, Banner and I. However, John Travenor wouldn't hear of it; he'd ha' primrosed him, I can tell you!" (Methuen & Co. 331 pp. 6s.)

THE TERROR.

By FELIX GRAS.

A romance of the French Revolution, by the author of *The Reds of the Midi*. Translated by Catharine A. Janvier. (Heinemann. 379 pp. 6s.)

LINCOLNSHIRE TALES.

By MABEL PEACOCK.

A series of dialect stories of East Anglians, by the daughter of Mr. Peacock, the North Lindsey antiquarian. This is the talk of Miss Peacock's villagers: "I'll have the say benean this rig-bauk, or know the reason on it. And my say is as he gets hissen up'n his feet fra that there floor, instead of kneeling down there, like a savage man afore a idol of wood, and he walks hissen down, and gives me a fair understanding." (Brigg: Jackson & Sons. 355 pp. 6s.)

MISS RAYBURN'S DIAMONDS.

By MRS. JOCELYN.

Miss Rayburn is loved by Jim Mortlock for herself, and by his brother Claud for her wonderful diamonds. A love story, with a flavour of rascalism and repentance. (F. V. White & Co. 300 pp. 6s.)

A HARVEST FESTIVAL.

By J. KENT.

A neatly written story of village life, the interest oscillating between the rectory and the grange. Jane Bembridge, the rector's daughter and housekeeper, is the caustic critic of village politics. (T. Fisher Unwin. 254 pp. 6s.)

THE WAYS OF A WIDOW.

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON.

Two sisters, one a widow; and two lovers, one a baronet. Which weds which? (F. V. White & Co. 278 pp. 6s.)

GOD'S PRISONER.

By JOHN OXENHAM.

This sufficiently gruesome, gripping story tells how James Ayrton, of the firm of Brodie & Ayrton, murdered his partner and left him in a packing case in the care of a well-known Safe Deposit Company. (Hurst & Blackett. 331 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

Entanglements. By Francis Prevost.
(Service & Paton.)

THE five stories contained in this volume are told in a crisp, forcible style, and are agreeably unconventional both in theme and treatment. Their author has a considerable gift for epigrammatic dialogue, for the effective presentment of incident, and for a kind of impressionist description of scenery. The writing, though somewhat mannered and artificial perhaps, does not appear forced, but rather as the form of expression natural to the writer's temperament. The prevailing tone, at least in most of the stories, is consistently cynical, and we are not sure that all of them would be considered suitable for the young person; but the worldling will derive considerable pleasure from their perusal. One of the pleasantest of them—"Pearls"—deals with life in one of the islands of the Pacific, and tells how a roving Englishman, Severn by name, having made his fortune by a stroke of luck, feels compelled to carry off in his ship the daughter of one of the islanders who is about to be married against her will to an unctuous German trader. There is a fine description of Severn, in his ship in the harbour of Falea, straining his eyes through the night toward the shore for any sign of a hostile attack:

"Cursing himself for a suspicious fool, he tightened the leaf about a *sului* and lit it, but his hand shook. He stood there smoking for half an hour. The figure left the window and returned to it twice; then the light went out."

Severn, who had been impatiently awaiting the event, felt on its accomplishment a sudden access of suspicion. He stared for some time longer at the black outline of the land; then he turned, lowered his reading-lamp again, opened, and blew it out.

"If they want me they'll have to find me," he muttered as he closed the glass. At last, tired of standing and staring, he went aft and lay down.

A school of turtle startled him with a sudden gurgle which went by under the stern, dragging the grains of starlight into a thorny entanglement of gold. But the sea smoothed out its creases, and the stars trembled again within its depths like sinking sequins, while the silence smothered, as if with the whole weight of heaven, the moaning thresh along the shore."

It is excellently imagined and gives a vivid impression at once of the silence of a tropic night and the tension of the man's feelings. Here is an example—from the first story in the book, "A Mediation"—of Mr. Prevost's dialogue. A lady, revolver in hand, is threatening to shoot a man, and the whole situation is pleasantly preposterous:

"You won't marry her?"

"Not as far as I can see."

There was silence between them for some seconds, then she said:

"It's seven minutes to six by that clock behind you; I'll give you till the hour strikes."

"Thanks," he murmured, "but I'm afraid you will be very tired."

"I shall be able to bear it," she replied.

"Well," he said reflectively, "I don't know. You see the clock *doesn't* strike!"

She tightened her lips at his levity.

"I will let you know," she said.

"Thanks," he repeated. "In the meanwhile, mayn't we have that hammer down?"

She answered nothing for some seconds, then:

"You are afraid!" she said.

'Of your finger, very considerably,' he replied.
 'Of being shot,' she corrected scornfully.
 'By accident,' he put in.
 'It comes to the same thing,' she said.
 'It does, for me,' he admitted ruefully, 'but it might save you a hanging.'
 'You needn't concern yourself about me,' she said.
 'I'm not very sure that I did,' he replied doubtfully, 'but I wish, if you won't let down that hammer, that you would turn the exit on some less vital part. It is giving me an anticipatory spasm.'
 'I didn't know before that you were a coward,' she exclaimed contemptuously.
 'Oh, I could have told you, any time,' he sighed."

The last story in the collection, "Instabilities," is well conceived, and very adroitly handled. Altogether, Mr. Prevost is to be congratulated on his skill as a writer of short stories.

* * * *

Jason Edwards; and A Little Norsk. By Hamlin Garland.
 (W. Thacker & Co.)

JASON EDWARDS is a type of the American working man—proud, self-reliant, and industrious. But he is unlucky. His wages tend constantly to decrease and his rent to go up. He is happy, however, in his daughter Alice, with her beautiful face and her fine voice, to train which Edwards has pinched himself. Walter Reeves is a brilliant journalist, who tells the editor of the *Events* at his first interview, "I'm green, but I'm not a salad," and quickly proves it. Walter goes courting the brilliant Alice in the Boston slum where her father lives. We are shocked to learn that the "hub" has slums; but it has, miles of them:

"It was a strange place for a wooing, one would say. From the street, foul odours and the boom of travel. Overhead, someone was tramping heavily. In the hall, the children fought and screamed, and clattered up and down the stairs. That they could sit and talk with such surroundings was sorrowful evidence that it was habitual, and to some degree unnoticed."

The wooing went on all right until old Edwards was attracted by a flaming advertisement of "free land" and determined to go "out West." In vain Walter implored Alice to marry him. She would not leave her family. Of course poor Edwards was a failure at farming. The "free land" turned out to be anything but free, and grew very little but its mortgage. Years passed, and the brilliant journalist came to seek his Alice and rescue her father from his difficulties. Still, with her hereditary pride, she refused to yield until a providential cyclone finally ruined the homestead, paralysed the farmer, and united the lovers. In spite of the happy ending the story is a tragedy,

"a typical American tragedy—the collapse of a working man. The common fate of the majority of American farmers and mechanics—dying before their time. Going to pieces at forty, fifty, or sixty years of age, from under-pay and over-work."

The atmosphere of *A Little Norsk* is pathetic rather than tragic. Bert and Anson, two rough farmers, find in a snow-bound cottage a little girl half-dead lying with her dead mother. They take Flaxen, as they call her, for their own, and bring her up until the rough gossip of the neighbours warns them that she is no longer a child. Then, with many a heart-ache, they send her to school. Of course, she marries a weak-spirited rascal, who leaves her almost to die in childbed, and then mercifully dies himself. Then she sends for her foster-parents, and this is the final scene:

"'Say,' began Bert abruptly, 'it seems pretty well understood that you're her father; but where do I come in?'
 'You ought to be her husband.' A light leaped into the younger man's face. 'But go slow,' Anson went on gravely. 'This package is marked "Glass; handle with care."'"

Mr. Garland tells his stories well, and spices them with a good deal of American humour. We look for still better work from him in future, when he has learned to chasten his rather interjectional style.

For the Rebel Cause. By Archer P. Crouch.
 (Ward, Lock & Co.)

THE story is of love and war—more of war than of love—in mercurial Chile. The relator is well acquainted with the topography of the country, perhaps less so with the character and manners of the inhabitants. His Chilians are flabby. The heroine strikes one as quite dolorously doughy. Her name is Dolores, and she has two aspirants for her love: Pedro Gonzalez, the villain of the plot, and inventive partisan of the Presidential government; and Gaspar Edmonds, the indomitable Hector and hero of the Congressional insurgents. Edmonds is, of course, half an Englishman, and on the issue of the internecine struggle hang all his chances of prosperity and matrimony. He and Dolores are secretly betrothed; but the lady's parents and relatives are determined that no other but the wealthy and handsome Pedro shall woo and win her. Being a Chilean señorita, the hapless girl feels bound to submit. Her only hope centres in the alternative that either Pedro may get killed betimes, or Edmonds—with victory on his side—gain for himself wealth and distinction, and thus prove less objectionable to her father. The situation is aggravated by the latter being a Balma-cedist colonel in active service. Hence, as to Dolores,

"... on this dangerous combat's doubtful end
 Her joy, her comfort, hope and life depend."

Mr. Crouch is a clever strategist. Eliminate the love dialogues from his narrative, and, enhanced as it is by Mr. Powell Chase's illustrations, it might be taken for a war correspondent's journals, ably descriptive of the moves and countermoves of the rival forces both on land and sea. The sinking of the Congressional ironclad by the Presidential "torpederas," though happily contrived, is clumsily recounted. But the exploits of the rebel army, planned by a German instructor, and carried out mainly by Señor Edmonds, are capital reading. Some of them are almost Homeric in the combatants' endurance and disregard for danger. One there is suggestive of ludicrous contempt for martial conventionalities. At one time the officers and men of a whole regiment of the insurgents were compelled to help themselves to the red trousers of the Presidential army. Later on, in the heat of a battle, the men were mistaken by a portion of their friends for the enemy, and consequently fired upon. There was no time for explanations, and so the commanding officer took off his scarlet pantaloons, and advanced to battle in his pants! His example was imitated by his men, and the destructive fire averted. Is Mr. Crouch an Irishman? The introduction of so momentarily dauntless a proceeding suggests an impressive reminiscence. *Habent sua fata—tibialia!*

THE HOUSE OF BENTLEY.

Two hundred years ago there was a London publisher named Richard Bentley who brought out a series called "Bentley's Modern Novels." Coming casually across this name in the history of literature one would naturally suppose (writes a correspondent of the *Times*) the owner of it to be the founder of the famous publishing firm in New Burlington-street. But curiously enough the Richard Bentley of the time of Charles II. had no traceable connexion with the Richard Bentley who in 1829 joined Henry Colburn, and in 1832 began by himself the business which for three generations has been honourably and successfully continued. This later Richard was born in 1794. He came of a literary stock. The family was only distantly connected with the scholar who ruled Trinity College, Cambridge, with despotic power in the early years of the eighteenth century, and who was the author of the *mot* that "all claret would be port if it could." But Richard's father was the proprietor of a newspaper called the *General Evening Post*, and his near relation, John Nichols, carried on for many years the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It was with Nichols that Richard and his brother Samuel began their career as printers. But to be a printer—even a printer renowned for fine work, as he became—was far from satisfying the energetic Richard. In 1829, as we have seen, he became a partner of Colburn, and three years later Colburn retired. (He afterwards, by the way, founded the firm of Hurst & Blackett; such are the curious rami-

fications of business enterprise.) New Burlington-street, which was one of the first streets in London to have numbers attached to the houses, had long been the haunt of science. More lately it became a centre of the publishing trade; but now this distinction seems in turn to be deserting it. Not only is the name of Bentley to be known there no more, but within the last twelve months two other firms have disappeared from it: Messrs. Churchill, the medical publishers, have removed to Great Marlborough-street; and Messrs. Cocks, the old-established musical firm, have given up business. But neither of these other disappearances has excited so much interest or regret as that of Bentley's. Bentley's, for one thing, is one of the three oldest publishing businesses in London. It has been associated with many of the most notable literary ventures of the past seventy years. Further, it has enjoyed since the time of William IV. the honour of being

PUBLISHER-IN-ORDINARY TO THE SOVEREIGN.

What this high sounding title means it is difficult to gather. It does not mean that they are publishers for the Sovereign. Her Majesty's books, *Leaves from our Journal in the Highlands* and *Later Leaves* have not been issued by Bentley's, though, on the other hand, they have published such works as the *Shah's Diary during his Visit to Europe in 1878*, the *Emperor Maximilian's Recollections*, and the *Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary's Travels in the East*. It will be interesting to see whether this post of publisher-in-ordinary is to be continued, and whether it will go to Messrs. Macmillan with the rest of Bentley's stock-in-trade.

Old

RICHARD BENTLEY

was a man of wonderful energy. He speedily gathered round him in the thirties and forties a remarkable band of men of letters and artists, and his dinners in the Red Room at New Burlington-street were made famous by the wits who attended them. Tom Moore, in his diary, mentions going to one of these "feasts of reason" in 1838. "The company all the very *haut ton* of the literature of the day. . . . Our host very courteous and modest, and the conversation rather agreeable." Moore's fellow-guests on this occasion numbered Dickens, Campbell, Harrison Ainsworth, Samuel Lover, and Barham, the witty author of *The Ingoldsby Legends*. Barham and Bentley had been schoolfellows at St. Paul's, and it was the Minor Canon's kindly wish to assist his old friend with contributions to *Bentley's Miscellany* that really led him to write the *Legends*. His jest about the title is a familiar literary anecdote. The first idea was to call the new magazine, started in 1837 with

DICKENS AS ITS FIRST EDITOR,

The Wits' Miscellany. The other title, however, seemed to be preferable, but when it was mentioned to Barham, "Why," he asked with the licence of an intimate, "why go to the other extreme?" The original prospectus of the magazine, written out in Dickens's flowing hand, may still be seen at New Burlington-street. "Boz" described himself in this (it was while *Pickwick* was still in the first flush of its immense success) as "a gentleman with whom the public are on pretty familiar terms," and mentioned that he was going to give to his editorial duties as much of his time as was not "engrossed by the weighty affairs of his far-famed club." In the *Miscellany* appeared *Oliver Twist*, and Dickens entered into an agreement to write for Bentley two other novels, one of which was to be *Barnaby Rudge*. But just at this time "Boz" took it into his head that he was not getting enough for his work. In letters to Forster in 1839 he complained bitterly in his impetuous style of the injustice of men, and he ended by getting out of his contracts with Bentley and resigning the *Miscellany* to Harrison Ainsworth. It is pleasant to know that in after years the breach between the novelist and the publisher was completely healed. . . .

The *Miscellany* went on until the sixties, when it became merged in *Temple Bar*. This magazine was originally founded by George Augustus Sala. Edmund Yates was the second editor, and in 1866 it was taken over by Bentley. In the same way Bentley's took over the *Argosy*, which was started by a son of Mrs. Henry Wood. Both magazines will henceforward be published from Macmillan's, though the editorship will remain the same. But the *Miscellany* was not the only outlet for Richard Bentley I.'s overflowing energy and enterprise, unsatisfied with the multifarious

concerns of the book-publishing business. In 1845 he started a daily paper to represent the views of the "Young England" party. The Hon. George Smythe (afterwards Lord Strangford), the original of Disraeli's *Coningsby*, was closely associated with Mr. Bentley in this venture, and of course it had the support of the clever young men who made up the party—Lord John Manners (now Duke of Rutland), Mr. Baillie-Cochrane (afterwards Lord Lamington, who wrote so delightfully about this period in the pages of *Blackwood*), Mr. Beresford Hope, and the rest. But the newspaper had only a short life, nor was *Bentley's Quarterly Review* (begun in 1859) more fortunate. This had the services of such men as Mr. Douglas Cook (of the old *Saturday Review*), of the present Prime Minister in his journalistic days, and of Basil Jones, the learned Bishop of St. David's. One of the principles of the *Review* was that it should hold a neutral position in politics. Its early decease was naturally foreseen from the start.

These failures, however, affected very little the reputation or the credit of the firm. It was doing so well with books that it could afford to lose a little on newspapers. The

SERIES OF "STANDARD NOVELS,"

begun early in the first Richard's career, and including works by Marryat, Bulwer, Fenimore Cooper, Albert Smith, Susan Ferrier, and other popular writers had a great success; and an equally favourable reception awaited "Bentley's Favourite Novels." These began in 1860 with *East Lynne*, and have continued right down to the present day. *East Lynne* had, like nearly all novels that win popularity in the end, been rejected before it was sent in to New Burlington-street. But Bentley's keen insight saw Mrs. Wood's merits, as the merits of Miss Rhoda Broughton and many another were recognised later on. It would be tiresome to attempt anything like a catalogue of the notable works that Bentley's have brought out, but it is interesting to note that the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn were first issued from New Burlington-street, and all the more so because John Evelyn's works published during his life were brought out by the earlier Bentley.

The first Richard Bentley died in 1871, and his son George reigned at New Burlington-street in his stead. Mr. George Bentley was a man of fine literary taste as well as a successful publisher. Mr. Maarten Maartens wrote of him after his death in 1895—referring to his constant struggle against infirmities and ill-health: "He was one of those few

MEN WHOM FATE CANNOT CONQUER,

because, by God's help, they are stronger than Fate." Since his death the heavy business of the firm has been carried on single-handed, so far as direction went, by his son, Mr. Richard Bentley, the second. As Mr. Bentley is a bachelor without a brother to succeed him, it was only a question of time when the historic house should put up its shutters. Mr. Bentley shrank from converting it into a company, and, as the work has become far too heavy for one pair of shoulders, he determined to transfer the business to Messrs. Macmillan. Their large and handsome new buildings behind the National Gallery will give ample space for all the publications of the retiring firm as well as office room for the members of its staff.

Thus for a second time in the history of English publishing the house of Bentley becomes extinct. To the Richard Bentley of the seventeenth century the poet Otway dedicated a comedy in recognition of the handsome manner in which he had been treated in the matter of royalties. Those who have had dealings with the later Bentleys will agree that for courtesy and fair dealing they have well kept up the reputation of their namesakes and predecessors.

NIETZSCHE.

MR. HAVELOCK ELLIS has claimed for Friedrich Nietzsche, on account of the tragic fate that has overtaken him, the sympathy of the British "man in the street." Yet it is open to question whether in England one in a hundred know anything about Nietzsche beyond his name and the fact that he has gone out of his mind. A whole library of books has been written on him abroad; and in these the story of his career has been told over and over again. His descent from an aristocratic Polish family is generally held responsible for the vehemently destructive element in his writings, and certainly as his thought advanced the devastating instinct of the Slav became

more and more prominent. Born in 1844 in a quiet Lutheran parsonage, Nietzsche received a sound classical education; and at twenty-five was promoted to the Chair of Philology at the University of Basle. He combined with a mastery of the Greek and Latin Classics a passionate enthusiasm for art. He was a gifted musician, composed a great deal, and improvised charmingly on the piano. He was versed in Hebrew and Indian literature, and familiar with everything of first-rate importance in modern thought. Wagner was the great "passion" of his life. In turn he was his fervent adorer and his bitter assailant. In 1871 Nietzsche published his first book *The Birth of Tragedy*, which, under the pretext of explaining the origin of the Greek drama, glorifies the art of Richard Wagner: a service Wagner was not slow to recognise. He kept a bed always ready in his house for Nietzsche, addressed him as "Mein Junger," and declared he occupied a place in his regard somewhere between his wife and his favourite dog. The friendship was annulled by Nietzsche in 1876, after the first Bayreuth Festival, when the evolution of his remarkable mind had reached a stage which no longer permitted him to worship Wagner. After the shattering of this god, he wrote a book in the aphoristic form (of which, later, he became so superb a master), showing that with his belief in Wagner everything else he had hitherto cared for was whistled down the wind. He anathematised the religion of his childhood, the Schopenhauerian philosophy of his youth, even the very country of his birth, the country he had served in the war of 1870, with gallantry, to the irreparable injury of his once splendid health.

Nietzsche suffered from headache and an affection of the eyes, which became at last so intolerable that he resigned his professorship at Basle, and travelled in the Engadine, Riviera, and Italy, dosing himself, in defiance of the warnings of his devoted sister, with bromide and chloral, and living almost entirely in the open air. This was the period of his greatest literary activity. As if foreseeing the doom awaiting him, he threw off one work after another in a fever of inspiration, *Rosy Dawn*, *The Gay Science*, *Zarathustra*, *Beyond Good and Evil*, *Twilight of Idols*, *Antichrist*—titles as symbolically significant of his intellectual progress as they are picturesque.

The influence of these writings on the literature of the continent has been widespread and incalculable. It is strongly marked in the later plays of Ibsen, in the fiction of the younger Russian school, and the novels of Gabriel D'Annunzio. In Germany such Nietzsche expressions as "Der blonde-Bestie," "Herren-Moral" and "Selaven-Moral" have become household words. To meet Nietzsche in real life was a very different experience from making acquaintance with him in his books. There he "philosophised with the hammer"—extolled hardness and strength, held up Caesar Borgia, Napoleon, and the god Dionysius as models; but socially he was the gentlest, most retiring and refined of men, daintily fastidious in his food and dress, and fond of the society of intellectual women. In 1889 Nietzsche's brilliant mental powers passed behind a cloud, from which there is no hope of their ever emerging. At present he is living, bereft of reason, on the classic ground of Weimar, nursed by his sister, who is the editor of his works.

A NIETZSCHE BRIEVIARY.

No conqueror believes in chance.

It is not the contending of opinions which has made history so rich in powerful deeds, but the strife of belief in opinions, which is called conviction.

Since man was created, man has enjoyed himself too little; that is man's original sin.

The more we learn to enjoy, the more we cease to do and think what is painful to others.

Where in the world is greater folly committed than by the pitiful and compassionate, and what in the world does more harm than the folly of the pitiful and compassionate?

The virtuous require to be paid. They expect reward for their virtue, to exchange earth for heaven, to-day for eternity. They

love their virtue as a mother loves her child; but whoever heard of a mother wanting reward for loving her child?

Of all means of comfort, none does those in need of comfort so much good as the assurance that in their case there is no comfort. When they hear it they instantly lift up their heads.

Only as creators can we annihilate.

Without music life would be a mistake. The Germans picture God Himself singing songs.

Passions become evil when they are held to be evil.

The individual in what concerns his happiness wants no finger-post to direct him to happiness. Individual happiness springs from one's own laws, which are unknown to others. Guidance from without only hinders and dams it up.

What is food and balm for the soul of a higher sort is an ordinary soul's poison.

In his friend a man should see his best enemy.

You should look at your friend when he is asleep to know what he is really like. Till then, the face of your friend is but your own face reflected in an imperfect mirror.

A slave cannot be a friend; a tyrant cannot have a friend.

There is much of the slave and the tyrant hidden in the nature of woman; thus woman is not yet capable of friendship, but only of love.

In the love of woman is injustice and blindness to all that she does not love.

Woman is a riddle to which there is one solution—childbearing.

For woman, man is a means. The object is always the child.

There are two things a true man likes, danger and play. He likes woman because she is the most dangerous of playthings.

A man should be reared for the vocation of a warrior. A woman for the recreation of the warrior. All else is rubbish.

A woman's principle of honour is to love more than she is loved, so as not to be second.

In any game where love or hate is not at stake, women play a mediocre part.

All women behind their personal vanity cherish an impersonal contempt for woman.

What the superfluous multitude call "Marriages made in heaven": Poverty of soul à deux. Impurity of soul à deux. Pitiful self-satisfaction à deux.

Does a child exist that hasn't reason to weep for its parents?

As a rule, a mother loves herself in her son more than the son himself.

The chief danger that besets artists of genius lies in woman. The worshipping woman is their ruin. Hardly one has character enough to resist his ruin when he finds himself treated like a god. Man is a coward in face of the *ewig Weibliche*, and no one knows it better than the small woman.

Women indulge in literature as they commit a little sin, glancing round to see if anyone is looking—i.e., to attract attention.

The snake which cannot change its skin perishes. So the mind which is hindered from changing its opinions ceases to be a mind.

Every great mind needs a mask. The mask develops with the mind.

The most convenient mask for the unusual mind is the mask of mediocrity, because it takes in mediocrities.

Dare to believe in yourself. . . . Not to believe in yourself is to lie perpetually.

It is the aim of the weak to be independent, it is the right of the strong.

It is one step forward to self-knowledge to express views which seem shameful to those who secretly cherish them. Through this fire the gifted soul must pass to belong to itself.

Aphorisms written with the heart's blood are not written to be read but to be learnt by heart.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1898.

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All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE appeals which the *Daily Chronicle* has allowed some of its correspondents to make to Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for a cheap edition of FitzGerald's version of Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat*, will doubtless be considered in St. Martin's-street. At present no decision has been arrived at in the matter.

APROPPOS Messrs. Macmillan, we may add that the absorption of Messrs. Bentley's staff and stock by this firm is completed. Some surprise may have been felt that Messrs. Macmillan could accommodate so much additional stock; but in their new premises they have shelf room for four and a half millions of books. Mr. Bentley, it might be added, will continue to edit *Temple Bar*.

THERE are just now changes in publishing houses in America also. The Boston firm of Lee & Shepard is now no more, and the business which it conducted has passed into the hands of Messrs. E. Fleming & Co., the bookbinders. The founder of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Mr. H. O. Houghton, changed in like manner from printer into publisher. The change in the affairs of the Lee & Shepard establishment, therefore, has good historic precedent. This, says the *Bookbuyer*, is quite as it should be, for Mr. Lee in his own person represents much of the history of Boston publishing. He was a partner in the firm of Phillips & Sampson, the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* when the magazine was begun. By the failure of this firm, a few years later, Ticknor & Fields came into possession, not only of the *Atlantic*, but of the books of Emerson and others of the great group to which he belonged. Lee & Shepard were long afterwards the publishers of Charles Sumner's writings.

Two replies to our correspondent "Laid by the Heels" may be noted. One, by Mr. L. F. Austin, appears in the *Illustrated London News*. He writes:

"An invalided author writes to the ACADEMY imploring its readers to suggest books for the amusement of his convalescence. He may have noticed that the Dean of Manchester has been denouncing certain unspecified works. He might obtain a list of these from the Dean and try them as stimulants. In the same number of the ACADEMY another author describes how he published nine books, which made a considerable stir among reviewers. He calculates that more money was paid for the reviewing than for the writing of them. This, also, ought to have some interest for the invalid, and I recommend him to send for the whole nine. There is a new light here on the respective emoluments of authorship and criticism. Talk of the financial relations between England and Ireland! This is quite as serious a business. Some authors set up their carriages, and I am not acquainted with any critic who can afford such luxury. But perhaps the critics like to spend their wealth on motor-cabs!"

THE other is a letter from Mr. Cyril Mullett, who writes: "Is your unfortunate correspondent 'Laid by the Heels' quite sure he has read all of J. F. Sullivan's works? Has he read *The Flame Flower*? Here they are: "Belial's Burdens," "The Moozebys," and other articles from the *Strand Magazine*, his articles on golf, cycling, angling, &c., in the *Badminton Magazine*? I think a complete course of J. F. Sullivan would materially assist your correspondent's recovery, unless he is suffering from a broken jaw." We have particular reason for believing that "Laid by the Heels" has read *The Flame Flower*.

It is proposed to erect a statue of Lord Byron in Aberdeen, to commemorate his connexion with that city. Byron, who spent about ten years of his boyhood in the Granite City, left the Grammar School there exactly one hundred years ago. His father, Captain John Byron the Dissolute, having married Miss Gordon, and speedily squandered her fortune, went to Aberdeen with his wife and son, when the latter was an infant two years old. After living together for a little while the spouses separated, John Byron going to France, where he died. When the future poet was five years old, his mother sent him to "Mr. Bower's English School"—so it was styled. In reality it was a filthy hovel in the Longacre of Aberdeen—now one of the slums of the city. Prof. Blaikie describes the schoolroom as "low in the ceiling, with small ill-glazed windows, dust-begrimed roof and walls, and unwashed floor, worn here and there into holes."

A GENTLEMAN is at great pains to prove, in the current *Pall Mall Magazine*, that Mark Twain is something other than a humorist. But who, it may be asked, doubted it? Surely no reader of any discernment (and is it worth while to write for the others?) could fail to detect that Mark Twain is not always working for the laugh. Throughout his writings there are passages where he is a serious critic of life, as in the works of every humorist there must be. We have

even heard it said, by one who knows him, that Mark Twain's dearest ambition is to retell, in his own way, the life of Christ. That, however, does not make the mood in which he conceived the history of *The Jumping Frog* an "unreal" one. His seriousness and his humour are equally real: the one the complement of the other. To entitle an article "The Real Mark Twain" and make it the record of his less mirthful thoughts is absurd.

As evidence of Mark Twain's seriousness Mr. Smythe, his apologist, states that he likes Browning, and would walk twenty miles to hear "Tannhäuser." In another man these might both, we take it, be signs equally of whimsicality. Mr. Smythe ends with an anecdote: "A lady one day entered the leading bookstore of Hartford, Connecticut, and inquired for Taine's *English Literature*. The shopkeeper replied that he had never written such a book. 'But are you quite sure?' queried the lady. 'Absolutely certain,' riposted the bookman; 'for I've read every line he has published, from *The Jumping Frog* upwards.' " "Riposted" is good.

It is proposed, says the Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to distinguish the year 1900 by a monument of French typography which will constitute yet another *clou* for the Universal Exhibition. The work which is to be thus honoured in an *édition de luxe* of unrivalled attractions is *Les Aventures de ma Vie*, by M. Henri Rochefort. Of the three hundred copies of which the edition will consist, each will be unique. Apart from being numbered, and bearing the subscriber's name in print (as is usual with *éditions de luxe*), every copy will contain on the flyleaf a maxim or aphorism touching on art, politics, or some social topic in the handwriting of Henri Rochefort himself, and this maxim or aphorism will be interpreted by a water-colour or drawing, or unique engraving by some great artist.

No such monumental work, the writer adds, will have been issued in France since the admirers of Voltaire printed, in the great philosopher's honour, an *édition de luxe* of his collected writings. M. Henri Rochefort will bring his memoirs up to date, and each volume of the four will contain a portrait of the author at a different epoch of his remarkable career. The printing is in the hands of M. Gaston da Costa. The engraver will be M. Albert Primaire. Of course, after the edition has been printed, the blocks will be destroyed and the type distributed, while the original illustrations will be raffled for among the first 120 subscribers.

It seems to us a pity that a better book was not chosen. From Voltaire to M. Henri Rochefort is a far cry. But with these sumptuous volumes the matter is not really important.

SOME years ago—accurately, in 1887—Mr. Meredith sent to the writer of a critical

article in the *Harvard Monthly* a letter of reply. That letter has only recently found its way into print. The critic, dealing with Mr. Meredith's novels generally, seems to have put forward most of the stock opinions concerning them. Mr. Meredith's letter dealt with the points in order, handsomely, as all would expect, and, from his own standpoint, which is really the only one to consider, finally. Thus:

"When at the conclusion of your article on my works you say that a certain change in public taste, should it come about, will be to some extent due to me, you hand me the flowering wreath I covet. For I think that all right use of life, and the one secret of life, is to pave ways for the firmer footing of those who succeed us; and as to my works, I know them faulty, think them of worth only where they point and aid to that end. Close knowledge of our fellows, discernment of the laws of existence, these lead to great civilisation. I have supposed that the novel exposing and illustrating the natural history of man may help us to such sustaining roadside gifts."

AGAIN, of the lack of incidents:

"My method has been to prepare my readers for a crucial exhibition of the *personae*, and then to give the scene in the fullest of their blood and brain under stress of a fiery situation."

Of the difficulty of movement:

"Concerning style, thought is tough, and dealing with thought produces toughness. Or when strong emotion is in tide against the active mind, there is, perforce, confusion. Have you found that scenes of simple emotion or plain narrative were hard to view?"

Of the high power to which the Meredithian life is carried out:

"In the comedies, and here and there where a concentrated presentment is in design, you find a 'pitch' considerably above our common human; and purposely, for only in such a manner could so much be shown. Those high notes and condensings are abandoned when the strong human call is heard—I beg you to understand merely that such was my intention."

CONCLUDING, Mr. Meredith wrote—we fear, as he might with little modification write today, eleven years later:

"In England I am encouraged but by a few enthusiasts. I read in a critical review of some verse of mine the other day that I was 'a harlequin and performer of antics.' I am accustomed to that kind of writing, as our hustings orator is to the dead cat and brickbat flung in his face—at which he smiles politely, and I too; but, after many years of it, my mind looks elsewhere."

MR. LANG, writing in *Longman's Magazine*, says: "American ladies have invented a new game. They send your photograph on a neat card, and ask you to add your autograph—cost to you twopence halfpenny. They might lay in stock some English stamps 'for reply,' and they might enclose their own photographs, but they don't. It is a one-sided amusement." Here we detect suffering. Yet if only authors themselves derived profit from the sale of their photographs the affliction would not be so acute. Why do not authors do so?

If it were our habit to set puzzles for our readers, we would offer a prize to anyone giving correctly the name of the popular novelist who wrote the following passage:

"I am a farmer, and engaged in a desperate endeavour to make my farming pay. Perhaps the chronicle of my struggles may have interest for others so situated; may at least—if one man's experience in farming or anything else is ever of any use to others—teach them what to avoid. To prove that I set out the exact truth, moreover, at the end of this introduction I shall print, amongst other things, a statement of the financial conditions under which my farming is carried on, and of its pecuniary results up to the present time."

To put an end to suspense, it may be stated at once that the foregoing is an extract from the latest work by the author of *She* and *King Solomon's Mines*. The title is *A Farmer's Year*, and it will run serially through *Longman's*.

A LITERARY find, writes a correspondent, has been made in Bristol by the chief librarian, Mr. Norris Mathews, which should set other provincial librarians searching amid their old volumes and musty packages. But few libraries are endowed as Bristol is, with a large collection of fifteenth century books; and Mr. Mathews, in carefully examining lumber-room bundles, has brought to light some great prizes. One work, discovered in a brown paper bundle covered with dust, was the *De Civitate Dei* of St. Augustine, printed at Basle in 1479. Some most important works have been found to have been bound up with other works, but unnoted in the lettering of the volumes, and so lost sight of. Two of these—one printed in 1499, and the other in 1516—have important links with Corbet and Chatterton, the 1499 one being a copy of Poynton's edition of the *Promptorium Paupulorum*, with some MS. notes and an antique alphabet in the margin, supposed to be by the hand of Chatterton.

AMONG the collection are valuable MSS. on vellum and parchment; one miscellaneous collection, done at St. Mark's Monastic House at Bristol in the year 1502, containing a form of confession, instructions how to know good spirits from evil spirits, an essay in praise of the virtues of rosemary, and other mediæval conceits. The whole collection of early printed books numbers about 400 volumes, and over a hundred of these have been recently brought to light. Bristol certainly is indebted to Mr. Mathews, for by his careful labours he has added large sums to the intrinsic value of the library, as well as discovered valuable links in the history of the city, and treasures to feast eye and mind of all bibliophiles. He read an interesting paper on his discoveries at the Librarians' Congress, Southport, this week.

THE second number of *Harmsworth's Magazine* lies before us, with an addition of a halfpenny to the original price. Whether or not this means that a threepenny magazine is an impossibility in this country remains to be proved. Meanwhile, we

observe that a "Boycott Department" has been added to the numerous offices in the Harmsworth buildings.

A new use has been devised for "ta Gaelic." It has long been claimed for this emphatic tongue that it is the finest language in the world to swear in; but the proposal that it should be used as a substitute for swearing has all the charm of novelty. The suggestion comes from the Rev. Dr. Rankin, minister of the parish of Muthill, in Perthshire, and one of the best-known divines in the Church of Scotland. "When in undue heat," says Dr. Rankin, "I would recommend as a medicine against swearing to avoid common words altogether, and fall back upon Gaelic names of a good strong sound and not easily spelt, and take two or three of them, and when tempted to swear, go over the Gaelic list." The advice was given specially to golfers; but it is, of course, equally applicable to others. Unfortunately, Dr. Rankin said nothing as to how a mere Saxon was to get his tongue round the "Gaelic names of a good strong sound."

A SCOTTISH weekly with a large circulation lately asked its readers to determine who are the six greatest living British authors. The following is the result, the names being given in the order settled by this *plébiscite*: (1) Mr. J. M. Barrie; (2) "Annie S. Swan"; (3) Mr. Hall Caine; (4) Mr. Conan Doyle; (5) Sir Walter Besant; and (6) "Ian Maclaren." A curious list truly, so far as regards most of the names; especially since the voters were not restricted, as might be supposed by glancing at the result, to writers of fiction.

THE Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have received a request, on behalf of the Hungarian Government, for a selection of works for which awards have been made in the National Competition of this year, to be sent on loan, at the expense of the Hungarian Government, for exhibition in the new Industrial Art Museum at Buda Pest, and their Lordships have promised to afford every facility. The schools of art are being asked to state in each case whether works may be sent.

THE following letter, which appeared in Thursday's *Times*, is another contribution to the question of the registration of titles:

"SIR,—Mr. Stanhope Sprigge is a little 'too previous.' He seems to have adopted, for the novel mentioned by Messrs. Stanley Evans & Co. a title to which he had no right, *As a Man Sows* being the name of a novel of mine published by Messrs. Ward & Downey in 1894, which merely shows how hard it is to find a new title, and how still harder (when found) to protect it from piracy, deliberate and otherwise. —Yours, &c., WILLIAM WESTALL.
Worthing, August 24."

ADMIRERS of Mr. Henry Newbolt's poems may be interested to know that a number of them have been set to music. The publisher is Mr. Joseph Williams. Among these are "The Fighting *Téméraire*," "Playing Fields," and "Hawke."

HOLIDAY READING.

CORYDON'S BOOKCASE.

MORE CORRESPONDENTS' SUGGESTIONS.

IN our issue of July 30 we printed an article under the title of "Corydon's Bookcase," in which the writer discussed the best books for holiday reading. He clinched his suggestions by proposing a list of twenty books which he deemed suitable for light reading in the vacant days of summer. The list our contributor gave was as follows:

Shakespeare, *As You Like It*.
 Scott, *The Antiquary*.
 Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott, and Other Poems* (the *Lotos-Eaters* included).
 Robert Herrick, *The Hesperides*.
 Keats, *Poems*.
 George Herbert, *The Temple*.
 Locker-Lampson, *Lyra Elegantiarum*.
 Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*.
 Blake, *Songs of Innocence*.
 Spenser, *Fairy Queen*.
 Fielding, *Tom Jones*.
 Smollett, *Humphrey Clinker*.
 Richardson, *Clarissa Harlowe*.
 Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*.
 George Eliot, *Silas Marner*.
 A Book of Ballads.
 Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*.
 Blackmore, *Lorna Doone*.
 Stevenson, *Merry Men*.
 Charles Lamb, *Essays of Elia*.

Last week we printed letters from several authors who gave their suggestions for ideal holiday reading. We have since received the following additional letters:

SIR,—You put me in a very difficult position in asking me for a list, after the fashion of your "Corydon," of books "particularly suitable for taking to the country during holiday time." I am a man of letters—that is to say, I have no holidays. A man of letters, an artist of any kind, may go into the country, but he does not go into the country for the purpose of escaping from the duties which occupy him in town. Whether I am in the Temple, or in the *château* in Auvergne, where I am now writing, I read exactly the same books, and with exactly the same intentions. Looking on literature neither as a mere pastime nor as a mere toil, I find in my own art the occasion or the consequence of even a day-dream, on the grass, under the fourteenth-century *tourelles*. Over and above the books which I am studying for a more or less immediate purpose, I have brought with me a single book, a little pocket Dante, of which the purpose is less immediate, but not less definite. I remember on one occasion taking Catullus, in the same fashion, to Italy; Verlaine to the French seaside; and, having at one time made up my mind that it was my duty to read *Tom Jones*, I took it with me to the Vale of Llangollen, and there read, without difficulty, a book which I am sure I could never have read in London. But I did not take *Tom Jones* to the country because I thought it suitable for country reading. I took it because I was sure of

leisure, and because I had arranged to have nothing else to read. Here, again, I am enchanted to find a complete edition of Balzac. Balzac contains enough reading for a lifetime, and I have a great many volumes yet to read. One of them I shall probably read here; I am sure, with enormous admiration, and, I am equally sure, without desire to read another for some time to come.

Now "Corydon's" list, I confess, with its terrible apparent appropriateness, leaves me wondering. It reminds me of that fantastic and too logical gentleman, living in our time, who is reported to have a different suit of clothes for every weather and for every mood; and, indeed, with great subtlety of symbolism, so that a grey Scotch tweed indicates rain. "Corydon's" books have brought him, he says, "comfort and solace." Well, but if one does not want "comfort and solace" from books? Books, with the very fewest exceptions, have never had what might be called medicinal effects upon me; and I neither have the disposition nor feel the necessity to go to them for medicine. I have too great an admiration for the beauty of a great book to put it to any such use; and I have also too little confidence in any help which does not come to one from one's own endeavours, or, perhaps, from some divine accident.—I am, &c.,

ARTHUR SYMONS.

SIR,—I am afraid that I am the worst person in the world to say what twenty books I think it suitable to take into the country for holiday time. When I go abroad, which is my "country," I generally take with me many more than twenty books, for the purposes of my writing on my lectures, and they are usually not of a kind which would meet with universal acceptance. But I will try to place myself in the position of a person who is able to read literature for amusement, and finds a pleasure in so doing; and I would say that no book is refreshing to me which is not concentrated; and, if my choice seems somewhat severe, I can only say that it is my choice. The three indispensables would be:

1. Shakespeare.
2. Dante.
3. Goethe.

Surely the whole of Shakespeare, and, of the others, at least the *Divina Commedia* and *Faust* (part 1). Then the *Canterbury Tales* and something of Turgeneff, perhaps the greatest artist of this century. Then Keats and Miss Austen. Of George Eliot I should take *Middlemarch*, of Tennyson the *Idylls*; and why not Macaulay's *Essays*? Then I should like Byron (two volumes: his poems and his letters) and *Tom Jones*, and the *Essays of Elia*; also Heine's *Reisebilder* would be very useful. I have a great fondness for *Tristram Shandy*, and should include the immortal *Pickwick*. Nor could I omit Rudyard Kipling—either the *Ballads* or the *Jungle Book*. I should also take some Merimée, and would finish up with *Don Quixote*. So my list would stand:

1. Shakespeare.
2. *Divina Commedia*.
3. *Faust*. Part I.

4. *Canterbury Tales*.
5. Turgeneff, *Smoke* (?).
6. *Middlemarch*.
7. Miss Austen.
8. *The Idylls of the King*.
9. Macaulay, *Essays*.
10. Keats.
11. Byron, *Poems*.
12. Byron, *Life and Letters*.
13. *Tom Jones*.
14. *Essays of Elia*.
15. Heine, *Reisebilder*.
16. *Tristram Shandy*.
17. *Pickwick*.
18. Rudyard Kipling, *Jungle Book*.
19. Merimée, *Colomba*.
20. *Don Quixote*.

I am, &c.,

OSCAR BROWNING.

SIR,—Your Corydon's Bookcase seems to me rather a portentous piece of furniture, and its contents at once too generous and too select. I should not take so many as twenty books with me on any probable holiday. Five would be enough, and these five I should select in less academical fashion than the writer whose clever article started this discussion in your columns. My selections would be ordinary, but they would be natural. In a word, I should consult the whim of the moment. I should look not at my shelves, but within me. It is wonderful how special hungers grow in the mind, so that a man knows on the instant what books to put into his portmanteau. These hungers, by the way, are directed equally to books he has read and to books he has not read. The passion to renew acquaintance with a long-neglected friend is often acute when the opportunity of doing so is opened. There are certain old comedies—*The Rehearsal* is one—that I should take with me to-morrow, were I leaving town. And I have read nothing of Dickens for years, and am athirst for *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It would be sheer joy to come again to that passage in which Mr. Montagu Tigg borrows four half-crowns for his friend, the genius, "round the corner." I have forgotten the genius's name. These are but instances.

It is important on a holiday to read fresh books as well as old ones. An acquaintance thus made is sure to be close. I read Jane Austen for the first time at Land's End, years ago. *Persuasion* was the novel, and to this day I do believe I prefer Ann Elliot above Jane Austen's other heroines; she is not so sweet as Elizabeth Bennett (no woman is), but she is a shade more distinguished; she is not so faultless as Emma Woodhouse (no woman ought to be), but she is the finest lady of the three, and the best companion. I remember how, as I read, the Atlantic rains beat against my window, and Cape Cornwall appeared and vanished in the swirling elements. The contradiction is a piquant memory. Mr. Meredith's *Egoist* arrived to me in an Essex estuary, a land of dykes and windmills; it kept me indoors too much, but it doctored the mind.

Neither your writer, nor your correspondents, mention Montaigne. If there is one book which I hold should be taken for holiday reading it is Montaigne. As an

essayist he is so much broader than Lamb, who is a Londoner to the last. As a philosopher he is so much more my brother than Bacon. Montaigne cools a man, and lets him down easily after his failures and strivings. He heartens him without imparting a vain enthusiasm. Really, I cannot write more on a theme so private and uncertain. By the way, there is one piece of literature which I *always* read on a holiday—the local paper.—I am, &c.,

X.

SIR,—Your friend Corydon seems to me too literary a traveller. He takes into his holiday too much of his business. When I go away for sun and rest I wish to leave literature behind. In this respect Mr. Shorter and I would join hands. But Mr. Shorter is for packing a dozen or so of the latest novels; and there I am entirely opposed to him, for on a holiday I want, just as Corydon does, to be certain of entertainment—and in the latest novels there is uncertainty; they may be disappointing, every one. For a holiday, true friends. Hence I have taken the *Story of Barnt Njal* in Sir George Dasent's translation; much Dumas: *The Three Musketeers*, *Twenty Years After*, *The Vicomte de Bragelonne* (for the death of Porthos and a few chosen scenes), *Marguerite de Valois*, *Chicot the Jester*, and *The Forty-five Guardsmen*; a few Gaboriaus: I know them well, it is true, but they are fresh every year. And I have taken, and would take again, Stevenson's *Prince Otto*, Mr. Meredith's *Harry Richmond*, *Tristram Shandy*, *Lavengro*, and *Huckleberry Finn*. One does not undertake to read all or any of these, but they represent, each of them, a holiday mood which may or may not occur, and they are proved entertainers, and they are not pre-eminently literary. One reads them, I mean, for matter more than for manner. Once, it is true, I took Gibbon away, and read nothing else, and wanted nothing else, for a month. But Gibbon wears not the true holiday air. Such, for what it is worth, is a statement of my own case. But, you must understand, I am not much of a Corydon; on a holiday there are many things I prefer to reading.—I am, &c.,

A WRITER BY PROFESSION.

SIR,—I was greatly interested in the list of holiday reading suggested by your contributor Corydon [*sic*—ED. ACADEMY], but I cannot restrain myself from expressing regret at certain omissions in his selection. Except for George Herbert's *Temple*, he mentions nothing of what I would describe as spiritual pabulum. I have always been cheered by the testimony of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, who could carry through the Dark Continent a mere half-dozen books, but was careful to make one of these the Bible. Does Corydon [*sic*] never need the Book of Books on his vacations?—I am, &c., W. D. L.

SIR,—There is only one book for a holiday: *Bradshaw*.—I am, &c.,

ONE WHO HAS WRITTEN FOUR
BOOKS THIS YEAR.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"— * AFTER TWO CENTURIES.*

FORTUNATE the age which permits a man to carry in his pocket such a charming edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* as this which Messrs. Dent have added to their "Temple Classics." With this slim and attractive little pocket companion, "Let those who always read now read the more." There is no need to adjure those to read who never read before; for, we suppose, almost every man has read the immortal allegory of the Elstow tinker, and the greater part have done so in their childhood. For this latter reason it is apt to be regarded as the books that have fed our young years alone can be regarded. Such books we cannot criticise; they are set in a halo, surrounded by the glory which shines over the fields and flowers and comrades of that sweet time. How much this has had to do with modern estimates of the *Pilgrim's Progress* it would be difficult to say. A work which has stood the test of centuries, has been praised and loved by men of the people and men above the people, men of religion and men of the world, men of letters and men unlettered, men of all sects, all beliefs, and of no belief; such a work surely has a true vitality, a deserved vitality, which it were idle to question. Not idle, however, may it be to examine the nature and cause of this vitality with a more critical distinction, a less fond panegyric, a greater aloofness and detachment than have yet been brought to bear upon it—than men have been capable of bringing to bear upon it. Many, because their judgment was subjected by the consentaneous verdict of ages; all (it is likely) because of those childish prepossessions from which they could not disentwine their minds.

Macaulay's panegyric heads all which has been written about the book. Most boldly partial of writers, he was confessedly dominated by the recollection of his childhood in regard to Bunyan, and was not likely thereby to become more judicial, less sweeping and impulsive, than his wont. It may be taken that he has said, picturesquely, vividly, energetically, all that a lawyer fed by affection could say in behalf of his client; a lawyer, moreover, holding a strong brief, having an imposing case. On the other side, what has there been? Censure seems to have been voiceless—even judicial and kindly censure. Yet no writer is perfect; and it may be taken there is another side to the case. Just one exception comes to mind. The late Mr. Richard Dowling, in his *Indolent Essays* (recently referred to in these columns) made a very vigorous protest against the prescriptive worship of Bunyan—one-sided, as reaction is apt to be. But the book is little known, and the protest has passed unheeded. Avoiding the one-sidedness, so far as in us lies, let us try to emphasise what was most forcible in his points, adding thereto points of our own. At the same time we shall endeavour to sum the matter with the evenness proper to a true critic;

* *The Pilgrim's Progress*. By John Bunyan.
"Temple Classics." (J. M. Dent.)

to give no unbalanced view of a performance which, we have declared, must needs have its rightful claim to renown. No literary impostor ever survived for two centuries.

We may dismiss one part of Mr. Dowling's indictment. He complains that the allegory does not hang together in detail; that its particulars are often incongruous, absurd. The idea of Christian going about with a great burden on his back, invisible to his wife and friends; the way in which the burden is at times ignored, forgotten for a time, by the author; the idea of a man being ignorant of a filthy slough but a few fields from his home; the immorality of his running away from his wife and children, leaving them to chance and, perhaps, poverty—these and other such things he dwells upon. But it is, we think, a sufficient answer that (as Macaulay elsewhere says) no one ever yet succeeded in making an allegory go upon all fours. Some discrepancies must be; some allowance must be asked from the reader. It is of much more importance when an allegory fails in propriety of spiritual application; when it is inwardly and imaginatively deficient. And Bunyan, as we shall show in due course, does sometimes trip gravely in this latter regard. He is further accused by Mr. Dowling of a low and vulgar imagination (it would have been better to say fancy); and of no less vulgarity in language. His language is a kind of degraded Biblical language; and the whole thing (says Mr. Dowling) is a horrible attempt to tinker the Bible, without appeal to an educated imagination. This is the very opposite to Macaulay's declaration that the *Pilgrim's Progress* makes singularly vivid appeal to every imagination. Let us take some of these things *seriatim*.

We can hardly agree with the attack on Bunyan's language. The genesis of that language is very frankly given by Bunyan himself:

"It seems a novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest Gospel-strains."

It is the homely dialect of the peasantry of his day, raised and purified by an infusion of Biblical diction. Of course, it is open to anyone to view it from the opposite side, and call it Biblical language lowered by an intermixture of peasant diction. We prefer to consider it a speech excellently adapted to Bunyan's purpose. The homely peasant element admirably fits the familiar nature of the allegory, and is racy of the soil to the most literary ear; while the Biblical model sorts well with the more solemn and directly religious portions of the work. It is chiefly where Bunyan attempts poetic conceptions that the language has an effect of meanness and incongruity. On the whole, the grafting of Biblical speech on the vernacular of Bunyan's day is accomplished happily: the result is clean-knit, idiomatic, and full of popular appeal in the worthiest sense. Strength, plainness, directness, are its character.

But as to Bunyan's imagination, we refuse to subscribe to tradition and Macaulay. He was a typical Saxon of the lower class

if a glorified type. He had vigour, forthrightness, narrative gift, a certain kind of vision, and ingenuity. But imagination he had not; a sound trotter, but no Pegasus. The quality mainly underlying the *Pilgrim's Progress* is a certain ingenuity, which may, doubtless, be considered fancy of a homely sort. A like quality gives apt and shrewd illustration to the speech of occasional rustics belonging to the old order, in the remoter country districts which have escaped the innovating whistle of the locomotive. Much, surely, of the vividness which Macaulay finds in his descriptions must be set down to the pictorial and improving mind of the childish reader, and the persistent associations left by it in later life. Take the account of the Valley of the Shadow. To an adult reader it is surely a somewhat pedestrian and matter-of-fact description. We are told, indeed, of darkness and hideous sights, dreadful sounds, and the mouth of hell agape by the wayside. But there is no attempt to realise or suggest these terrors to the reader by a single touch of fancy or magic phrase, such as the great imaginative writers would have given us in a sentence or so. Hell-mouth affects us less than an iron foundry, so poorly and barely is it rendered. Such, at least, is the impression which one reader ventures to declare. The allegory is apt, hence the name of the Valley has become famous, proverbial; but not, we think, through any singularity of power in the description. Bunyan has a rustic's inability to rise to great conceptions, to go outside the imagery of the wayside and the homestead. It is, indeed, the very limitation which accounts for much of his popularity. But it does not speak much for his force of imagination. When he does go outside these homely sources, and attempt the exalted and poetic, his imagery is purely conventional, an assemblage of hackneyed Scriptural figures which lose their original majesty in his use of them. Consider his description of the Heavenly City, for example, and the delights of the just therein. You are to wear a golden crown, to spend your time in praise and shouting, to be clothed with glory, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the Almighty. That last touch is all Bunyan's own—a kind of celestial Lord Mayor's coach, so to say. For the rest, it is harps, and crowns, and palms, and streets paved with gold—as conventional as the angels in bed-gowns that haunt tombstones.

This absence of anything deserving to be called imagination sometimes appears in the allegory itself (as we hinted before), making it inadequate and inapt, destroying its inward propriety. Take the whole episode of Giant Despair and Doubting Castle. Here is a conspicuous and interesting example of Bunyan's essentially unimaginative mind. For here we can compare him with a real master of imagination—Spenser. In this instance, at least, Spenser shows imagination, besides the fancy which is his peculiar excellence. The ground-plan of both allegories is the same: Despair endeavours to spur his victims to suicide. But how different the details! Spenser's Despair is a woe-begone, meagre wretch,

lained in a cavern, wherein the armour of his intended victim makes

"A little glooming light, much like a shade."

He has no apparatus, no raw-head and bloody-bones machinery; his method is terribly simple. Knife and halter he sets before the strayed wayfarer, and needs, to impel their use, nothing but his own baleful eloquence. Read his speech in Spenser, and say whether brute violence could do aught but mar its dark persuasion. The tinker's allegory is by comparison a tinker's allegory. His Despair is a schoolboy's giant—a stupid billet-head clumping about with a cudgel, so rightly distrustful of his bacon-fed bucolic eloquence that he must reinforce it with sound thumps. In spite of his feudal castle, he is a farmer-like, domestic creature, of very honest, orderly habits, and has a wife to counsel his dull brain. She is Diffidence. Despair taking counsel from Diffidence—the weaker passion strengthening the stronger! After cudgelling his prisoners, the absurd, ineffectual creation lumbers upstairs to his wife and bed. As if Despair could sleep! Despair couched between comfortable sheets, in married snugness, bestowing connubial endearments on his very practical spouse! Nay, let us laugh outright, and leave the grotesque ineptitude.

We have said enough, we need not labour to prove our point that in imagination, or anything like the higher fancy, Bunyan is completely to seek. It will be seen in what points we think the *Pilgrim's Progress* needs some abatement of the undistinguishing eulogy traditionally poured out upon it. But having said all this, its position remains virtually unaffected. That very inveterate homeliness of conception, which makes Bunyan's weakness when he attempts the higher ranges of conception, is the main strength of his work in the greater part. The familiar ingenuity of the imagery, the symbolism, the allegorical details, make them admirably suited to impress the daily understanding. Nor does the cultivated mind fail to admire them, as we admire the shrewd practical instances of a clever peasant-talker. The whole allegory, with a bold originality like that of a child, to whom its surroundings are not commonplace or unromantic, flows along through the fields, and stiles, and streams, the quagmires, homesteads, and pastoral hills of familiar rural England. Even the sudden passing of Christian into undiscovered country, so soon as he begins to run across the fields adjoining his own house, is like the fancy of a child, to whom all romance-land may be hidden within a few meadows-length of its little home. The map of Christian's journey is arbitrary, neighbours and strangers exist in pleasant jumbled contiguity, the details of the allegory are allowed to crop up with a fine haphazard disregard for consistency. It matters not; we are frankly launched upon a meandering tide of *reverie*, where we are ready to let happen what happen will. And Bunyan has a real power of quite homely vision: he sees his persons, his places, his happenings, though not with the eye of the poet or romancer; and he

makes us see them. Not for nothing has Macaulay praised the spirit and pictorial realism of the trial scene in *Vanity Fair*. It is a veritable transcript from scenes historic and only too common at the time. It is, too, related with excellent, shrewd humour. Humour, indeed, distinguishes this religious allegory by its unexpected and welcome presence. Mme. Bubble and Mr. By-Ends and the rest, they are realised in curt downright strokes, which bring them instantly before us. It is the immortal work of a true and most original allegory-maker—perhaps the best of allegory-makers. But it is not what it has hastily been called—a work of strong imagination; unless we are to use that word in a special and un-authentic sense.

MILTON AND LONDON.

PROPOSALS are on foot in the City of London for turning the little graveyard of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, into a public garden, and for placing in the pleasure thus formed a statue or other memorial of John Milton. Within the church lie Milton's bones. They lie in the chancel, but even in Aubrey's day the precise spot had become uncertain; and the scandalous so-called discovery of Milton's coffin and remains in 1790 left the matter dark as ever. A bust of the poet by John Bacon stands near the north-west door. This monument is not, however, much seen by the Cripplegate and Wood-street multitudes: for them the out-door monument is needed. The neighbourhood is densely populous. All around the graveyard may be seen forests of scaffolding, where the destruction wrought by the great fire of last year is being made good. To the crowds of millinery hands, collar-makers, clerks, and packers which these towering warehouses send forth at mid-day the new garden will be like a corner of paradise—regained. And whose figure so fit to greet the eye as Milton's? During many years of his life Milton lived within sound of St. Giles's bells. It should be remembered that Milton was a Londoner to the core. "A child of the very heart of Cockaigne," Prof. Masson calls him, and he tells us that if Bow bells had fallen from their tower they might have crushed Milton's cradle.

Of Milton's ten London residences not one is left, though two or three have been standing within memory. The site of the house in Bread-street, Cheapside, in which Milton was born is easily identified; and we believe that the firm whose premises cover the spot keep Milton's memory alive by a bust and an inscription. The house itself was inherited by Milton from his father, but he lost it in the Great Fire.

Milton's residence in London as a young man, after his travels, was the house of one Russel, a tailor, in St. Bride's Churchyard. This house stood, it is believed, on ground now occupied by the back part of the offices of *Punch*. Here Milton began to teach his nephews, the two young Philippses. It was thence that Milton's first wife, Mary Powell, returned

to her parents in disgust with the dulness of her life.

From St. Bride's Churchyard Milton removed to Aldersgate-street, then a fine street just outside the city walls. Howell says it was the most Italian in style of all the streets of London. Prof. Masson's description of it in Milton's day is an admirable piece of work. Milton, we know, lived "at the end of an entry," and in a "garden-house"—i.e., a house with a fair-sized garden attached. Prof. Masson writes on this point:

"It is possible that the entry may remain. On this chance, one would gladly go up all the present courts and entries on both sides of Aldersgate-street, rather than miss what might be the right one, though not in one of them would there be the least hope of identifying the garden-house. But no such vague exploration through the whole of the street is necessary. The wards of London, or districts represented by aldermen, are subdivided into smaller portions, called precincts, each represented by a Common Council-man; and Aldersgate Ward in its totality consisted of eight precincts, four within the Gate, and four without the Gate. The four precincts without the Gate, including the whole of Aldersgate-street, with its courts and purlieus, were called respectively the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Precincts of St. Botolph's Parish; and it was in the Second Precinct of St. Botolph's Parish that Milton resided. That is, he resided in some entry going off from that part of the street which was nearest the Gate, and which is to be paced now between St. Martin's-le-Grand and Maidenhead-court, on the right side of the street, and between Little Britain and Westmoreland-alley on the left side. One would like to determine on which side of the street it was; but, though the old maps have given me an impression that there was most room for 'garden-houses' on the right side, and particularly near Golden Lion-court, where an old house still faces the street, I must leave the matter uncertain."

In 1645 Milton's pupils were so numerous that he required a larger house, a need that was deepened by his reconciliation with his froward wife, Mary Powell. As Prof. Masson says, "It was no great move . . . there was no real change of neighbourhood or of street associations." This house in the Barbican stood until recent years. Prof. Masson himself had the joy of seeing it, when it was occupied by a silk dyer named Heaven! It was pulled down in 1864 by a railway company, and the contractor who broke it up had the grace to fix on it the notice, "This was Milton's house," before his workmen plied their crowbars.

Milton's school did not long survive its removal to the Barbican. It may be that he disbanded it after the death of his father, if, as is probable, his circumstances were materially improved by that event. Moreover, political work was absorbing the pedagogue and the poet. Milton's appointment as Secretary of Foreign Tongues led to his moving into Holborn, thence to Scotland-yard, and finally to Petty France, Westminster. In the last-named spot he lived for eight years; and, as No. 19, York-street, this house survived until recently. Here it was that Milton became completely blind.

In his mature age Milton gravitated back to the City. Another short sojourn in

Holborn marked his return eastward. Then we find him in Jewin-street, close to Cripplegate, where he married his third wife. Finally, in Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields, Milton settled with his wife, Elizabeth Minshull, and his two daughters. Here were written *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*.

It should not be forgotten that the early adventures of *Paradise Lost* were in this neighbourhood. Little Britain, the book-selling quarter of Milton's day, lay just east of Aldersgate-street. The name still survives, but the old cluster of streets and alleys that bore it has vanished from sight as completely as the Fleet River. In Milton's day it was a place where bookmen loved to potter, and 'prentices to peep into the marvellous relations of travellers; a "plentiful and perpetual emporium of learned authors, and men went thither as to a market." This is the description of Little Britain given by Roger North; and the booksellers, he tells us, were "knowing and conversable men." Here Izaak Walton met Dr. Sanderson one wet day: "he had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand." Here Milton, the greatest bookman of them all, would be seen on the arm of Millington, the famous auctioneer, then only a bookseller. Here *Paradise Lost* lay neglected on Simmons's shelves. And here, if Richardson's story be true, its merits were found out:

"The Earl of Dorset was in Little Britain, beating about for books to his taste; there was *Paradise Lost*. He was surprised with some passages he struck upon dipping here and there, and bought it; the bookseller begg'd him to speak in its favour if he lik'd it, for that they lay on his hands as waste paper (Jesus!). Shephard was present. My Lord took it home, read it, and sent it to Dryden, who in a short time returned it. 'This man,' says Dryden, 'cuts us all out, and the ancients too.'"

Now, return we to Artillery-walk. We are told that Milton was to be found in "a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black; pale but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty and with chalk stones. He used to sit in a gray, coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house in Bunhill-fields, in warm, sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality." An interesting attempt to portray Milton in the act of dictating *Samson Agonistes* to the young and faithful wife who cheered him in the last years of his life was made by the late Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A. In this picture Milton's friend, Thomas Ellwood, is seated by the open window, through which there is a view of the tower of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, framed by a creeper that has mounted the wall from the pleasant garden below. *Samson Agonistes* was written in 1667, while London was rebuilding after the Great Fire; Mr. Horsley has indicated the fact by introducing in the far distance a spire surrounded by scaffolding. It is a coincidence that Milton's home was threatened by the Great Fire, and that last year his tomb was threatened by the fire which devastated Jewin-street and its neighbourhood.

Milton was a Londoner in the full sense of the word. He was gathered to his parish graveyard like a London merchant; and his bones were laid side by side with those of a lover and student of London. "I ghesse Jo Speed and he lie together," writes Aubrey, trying to fix the poet's precise resting-place. But the graveyard has lawns, and plane-trees, and abundant flowers, and it is here—in the open air—that Milton, the great Londoner, should be seen in bronze or marble.

A ROYAL LITERARY WAREHOUSE.

THE home of the private collection of books formed by the King of the Belgians is an out-building of the Royal Palace at Brussels, of greater antiquity than the palace itself, formerly occupied by the *corps militaire*. It is a two-storeyed structure hidden under a romantic garb of greenery, which gives to it something of the aspect of a Kew Museum. It differs from the Royal Library at Windsor in that it has no place whatever in the life of the Court, is never used as a lounge, is not shown to the Belgian public, nor, except at rare intervals, to foreigners; may perhaps not be entered by the king himself for months together; and is purely a warehouse for the literary acquisitions of the last thirty years. There are more than 100,000 volumes in all, and among them the number of those which have been actually purchased might almost be told upon the fingers. They comprise in the main presentation copies received from authors, relations, public bodies, and others, and they are in the care of a couple of librarians, whose time is fully occupied in the task of disposing of each day's additions.

Some of the books have a particular interest. There is, for instance, the missal first produced for Leopold II. as Crown Prince. It is a choice example of workmanship, bound in white and gold, each page with an illuminated border in gold and colours, and with many full-page illustrations by distinguished artists. It is brought down from its shelf once a year, on the King's Thanksgiving Day, when he walks in procession with his Court, prayer-book in hand, to the cathedral church of St. Gudule in the heart of the city.

The library happens to contain some Asiatic antiquities of a certain importance. There is a cabinet of the coins of Eastern Asia extending in date from the sixteenth century to recent times. Every great period in the history of China is represented in this collection, which, in its own department, is one of the most complete extant. The specimens of knife-shaped and wedge-shaped coins of the remotest Oriental dynasties are of exceptional interest. Cognate with this is a specimen of the earliest Chinese banknote ever issued. There are some sixteenth century travel-books on India, with superb plates, some of them unrepresented elsewhere in Europe; and in this connexion may be mentioned a copy of the travels of the late Shah of Persia, bound

with a lavish disregard of gold and gems. The text is reproduced in the guise of the MS. original, and the illuminations are by hand. Almost the only words transliterated into English, "Chrystal Palace," contain an error.

One of the largest volumes in the library is a work entitled *Les Peuples de la Russie*, containing coloured illustrations of each of the tribes owning the Muscovite dominion. This was subscribed for by Leopold I., and was not delivered until twenty years after his son came to the throne. The edition was limited, and no fewer than three copies are at Brussels. There is an interesting shelf of works presented year after year by the Pope, choicely bound in white vellum, and bearing the pontifical arms. This contains a Latin *précis* of confidential annual reports supplied to the Vatican by the Papal nuncios, and the volumes are sent only to the sovereigns of the nations owning the supremacy of the Roman See.

There is quite a large number of English books in the library, including the series of his books presented by Mr. H. M. Stanley to his friend and patron, and a set of *The Epic of Hades* and other verse sent by Sir Lewis Morris, with an autograph dedication. Files of many English newspapers are preserved on the upper floor, where there are also large quantities of music that is never used, immense numbers of European and American ephemerides that have never been cut.

In this room is a portrait of the late king, produced by a convict out of a piece of paper with nothing but a pair of scissors and a pin. It is an equestrian portrait, done from memory, the buttons are indicated by rows of pin-pricks, the likeness is wonderful, and the production of it doubtless preserved the prisoner from morbid melancholia.

Under the staircase, half eaten away by weevils, there are some hundreds of addresses received by their Majesties from every part of the kingdom on the occasion of their silver wedding. A large number of these laborious compilations have never been removed from the envelopes in which they were received, from that day to this.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. BOURGET's new book, *La Duchesse Bleue*, is an interesting study of Parisian life that runs its inevitable course from sensibility to perversity. According to the fashionable novelists, a single year of Parisian life suffices to anesthize the heart and conscience, and for ever dry up all the sources of feeling. After that the human animal of either sex is subject to the tidal forces of emotion, to the imperious shocks of the senses, to the blighting impulses of curiosity, and the futilities of mere sentiment. But such a broad and common thing as feeling both are dissevered from permanently. Is this true? Then is the price exorbitant one must pay for admission into society and

for the privilege of tasting the nothingness of social relations.

The somewhat obscure title M. Bourget defines by the mouth of a brilliant and heartless novelist who has written a play, so-called, for the heroine, a young actress destined through him to find her feet instead of her wings, and delicately tread the mire a courtesan instead of the stained-glass Botticelli she was intended to be.

"You don't know 'The Blue Boy' of Gainsborough? My play has simply for heroine a woman that one of your brother-artists, more learned than you in English matters, has painted in a harmony of blue tones, like Gainsborough's boy. Being a duchess, because of the portrait she is ever afterwards nicknamed the blue duchess. There!—hasn't it a Watteau, a Pompadour air, breathing of gallant festivities? *La Duchesse Bleue!*"

M. Bourget paints the gay actress in his seizing and suggestive fashion—her broad brow, heavy with dreams; the long oval of her delicate visage, and the fluttering play of smiles about a mouth sad and sensual and bitter. The situation is clear from the start. The persons of the drama, with its final missed effect of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, culminating in tragic farce are: a vulgar and flippant author, the usual lion of an undiscerning society; the poor, lovable, sincere, and frail little duchess; a society fiend, her rival; and the silent lover, the painter, who tells the story, and is the only personage capable of abiding pain or feeling. These four characters are drawn with subtlety and force. But can M. Bourget explain this mysterious thing he calls the freemasonry of the masculine sex, which orders an honest man to be loyal to a blackguard and a cad, to the detriment of the woman he loves, who is honest and loyal and affectionate, and whose life in silence he allows the blackguard to ruin? Don Quixote's rash oath to protect every lady and passionately espouse her cause, whether worthy or not, were surely a finer folly than this freemason's oath of sex, which makes an honourable man side with every trousered villain, by silence at least, against suffering woman. But for this blot, which he seems to pride himself upon as a virtue, Vincent Lacroix is a sympathetic study of the artistic temperament. In literature, I own, I prefer any other. Writers and painters and musicians are either very dull or very offensive dogs in novels. Here we have both sides of the picture—the empty-hearted, vulgar, and prosperous author, who plays to the gallery, and turns his finest emotions into copy; and the sensitive, ineffectual, refined creature, the victim instead of the sovereign of his talent. The society fiend is, of course, the usual monster in skirts that Paris alone can furnish, but she achieved one good thing in a nefarious existence: she struck a well-aimed and well-merited blow at the fatuous author. For such intolerable cads as Jacques Molan society does well to foster and provide against them cold-blooded wretches like Madame de Bonnavet. If Camille were not an actress she would be greatly more interesting. The garish glare of the footlights vulgarises the most delicate

profile, and cheapens the most fugitive charm of character.

M. Masson Forestier is a sober and distinguished writer—a realist of the school of George Eliot, without her wit and humour. All his stories are profoundly melancholy, imbued with the conviction that suffering touches with a strangely ferocious and unjust weight the poor and humble, the inarticulate, blurred humanity without sufficient intelligence to understand or measure its grievances. *Pour une Signature* and *Angoisse de Juge* are two notable collections of stories. The first of the tales reaches a high level of writing and thinking. There is not one of the stories that is not remarkable in its sober setting, its careful finish, and veiled poignancy. If a choice may be awarded, it is to the painful tale of the honest and hard-working Customs officer, who screws and saves every penny to educate his motherless son, and whose career is broken, who is arrested and commits suicide for a miserable ball of string he appropriates, admitting quite frankly to the authorities that he believed he had a right to take the ball, since by his economy for the State he saved it at least 300 francs in twine a year. I can believe anything of French bureaucracy, even the infamous revelation of brutality, injustice, and heartlessness that permits and orders the disgrace and ruin of an honest, hard-working official for a trifle, and allows chiefs to thrive upon daily iniquities. But the deep, unmitigable sadness of such a tale leaves an impression of personal misery that momentarily blots the sun for us, and suffices to make anarchists of us all. It seems to tell us with the impetuous insistence of modern history, in which every big rascal succeeds and makes a fortune, provided only that his rascality is big enough, while the stealing of a loaf of bread or the appropriation of a ball of twine is punished by immediate and irretrievable ruin: that virtue is folly, honesty humbug, truth a miserable farce. M. Forestier follows "this poor big child Porret" to the pond, where he had decided to drown himself.

"But open your eyes, fool," he cries. "You are in a world where everyone would split with laughter if they heard that an idiot had decided to kill himself for a morsel of twine. No, I err—they would not laugh, for they would not believe it. But, unfortunately, it's all pure comedy, this virtuous indignation inspired by your theft. So little as that does not touch the virtue of human society. Ah! if you only knew how much parade there is in it. Good God! where should we all be to-morrow if each one should commit suicide who had on his conscience the value of a ball of twine! Porret, be less of the people, shake off such offended delicacy."

But the poor child of the people has not the aristocrat's spirit of bravado or contempt of opinion. He has not the courage to face the disesteem of his fellows for so small a thing, and the newspapers recording his suicide describe this exemplary creature of limited intelligence as a fellow of vile habits. *Angoisse de Juge* is quite as remarkable.

H. L.

THE BOOK MARKET.

WHAT AMERICA READS.

THE following lists compiled by the *American Bookman* show what books have been most popular of late in the United States and Canada:

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
2. Love of an Obsolete Woman. By Herself.
3. The Red Lily. By Anatole France.
4. The Terror. By Félix Gräs.
5. Marching with Gomez. By Grover Flint.

BALTIMORE, M.D.

1. Pride of Jennico. By Castle.
2. Madam of the Ivies. By Train.
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
4. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
5. Miss Balmain's Past. By Croker.
6. Sunset. By Whitby.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle.
4. Bird Neighbours. By Blanchan.
5. Emerson, and Other Essays. By John Chapman.
6. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2 vols.
2. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
3. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle.
4. Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett.
5. Gray House of Quarries. By Mary Harriot Norris.
6. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith.

BUFFALO, N.Y.

1. Caleb West. By F. H. Smith.
2. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle.
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward.
5. Marching with Gomez. By Grover Flint.
6. A Boy I Knew. By Laurence Hutton.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer.
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
3. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis.
4. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith.
5. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
6. Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Hassan: a Fellah. By Henry Gillman.
2. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton.
3. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle.
4. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
5. The Development of the Child. By Oppenheim.
6. The Gadfly. By Voynich.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
2. Seven Months a Prisoner. By J. V. Hadley.

3. Romance of Zion's Chapel. By Le Gallienne.
4. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
5. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
6. Standard Bearer. By Crockett.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
2. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith.
3. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
4. Kronstadt. By Pemberton.
5. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis.
6. The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell.
2. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith.
3. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul L. Ford.
5. A Boy I Knew, and Four Dogs. By Lawrence Hutton.
6. A Desert Drama. By A. Conan Doyle.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Rubáiyát of Omar Kháyyám. Translated by Fitzgerald. No. 1, Lark Classics.
2. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith.
3. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
4. Folks from Dixie. By Dunbar.
5. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
6. Zion Chapel. By Le Gallienne.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Caleb West. By Smith.
2. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
3. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
4. Simon Dale. By Hope.
5. Head of Family. By Daudet.
6. The Standard Bearer. By Crockett.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Caleb West. By Smith.
2. Pride of Jennico. By Castle.
3. For Love of Country. By Brady.
4. King's Henchman. By Johnson.
5. Standard Bearer. By Crockett.
6. Celebrity. By Churchill.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Caleb West. By Smith.
2. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
3. Ghosts I have Met. By Bangs.
4. For Love of Country. By Brady.
5. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
6. Son of the Revolution. By Brooks.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Fighting with Gomez. By Flint.
2. Caleb West. By Smith.
3. Simon Dale. By Hope.
4. Nehalem. By Rogers.
5. Gadfly. By Voynich.
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.

From the foregoing lists, and others which we have not been able to quote, it may be seen that the following books were the most popular in America in the month of June: (1) *Caleb West*, (2) *Penelope's Progress*, (3) *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, (4) *The Girl at Cobhurst*, (5) *The Pride of Jennico*, (6) *The King's Jackal*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MODERN FRENCH DRAMA.

SIR,—The reviewer of M. Filon's *Modern French Drama* in your issue of August 16 justly smiles at M. Filon's extravagant laudation of "Cyrano" as "France, France at her best, France at the culminating point of her genius." Allowing M. Rostand's power ingeniously to *broder*, to be "witty, farcical, eloquent, tender, and even, at times, genuinely lyrical" (the latter a quality I should think twice about endorsing), he complains that there is nothing "of the higher imagination, which fixes on the essence of a situation and writes it in a flash, like Webster's:

"Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young."

I do not think that the highest kind of dramatic power is to be measured by single lines or passages like this, or else Webster would be equal to Shakespeare. But, allowing that it represents the quality which we find to a sustained degree in Shakespeare, I wish to ask where in French drama we do find it? M. Rostand cannot be compared with the greatest French dramatists, I agree; but, nevertheless, it is not only M. Rostand who is deficient in that highest dramatic quality represented by your reviewer's quotation. It does not exist in the French drama. Not without reason does your reviewer choose as a test of "Cyrano's" value as a work of genius the monologue of Don Carlos in "Hernani." To my mind, Victor Hugo is the greatest tragic dramatist France has produced. And this only serves the more clearly to show the limitations of the French poetical drama. With all his innovations, Hugo really developed and continued the convention, if not the spirit, of the French classic drama. His study of Shakespeare led him to introduce a bolder passion, a more audacious imagery. In this he was helped by the strain of Germanic blood which his name would seem to indicate—an indication to which he himself once alludes. His intense situations would have made the classic French dramatists' hair stand on end. Yet with all this his convention was essentially that of the French classical drama. It was not the poetical convention of the Elizabethan dramatists: it was a rhetorical convention. The verse is rhetorical; the imagery, for all its boldness, is only bold rhetorical imagery. His drama is a drama of situations (not, like the Elizabethan drama, of development); and situation corresponds in action to rhetoric in language. It is the rhetoric of action. Now, rhetoric is the convention of the French classic drama. Rhetoric, and not poetry. It was the convention of Corneille, the Victor Hugo of his day. Mild and sentimental rhetoric was the convention of Racine. The origin of the French drama was rhetorical. The French classic drama founded itself on Seneca, a rhetorician, whose plays are rhetorical to the finger-tips. This rhetorical convention, borrowed from the Latin writer, evidently corresponded

with something in the French character, for it has obtained ever since. Victor Hugo, though he took Shakespeare for his avowed model, failed to shake it off. He only carried it to its utmost possible limit, got out of it all the splendour, majesty, and coruscating intensity of which it was capable. He is, therefore, to my mind the apotheosis of the French serious drama.

M. Rentoul has not struck out a new line. "Cyrano" is at bottom rhetorical, a drama of effective situation, a drama of epigram—epigram in text, and epigram in action. The admixture of comedy and tenderness does not alter its essential nature as regards the serious part of the drama. Can French poetic drama find a new convention? That is the question. The rhetorical convention can hardly go further than Hugo has carried it. And it looks very much as though the French national character were incapable of anything beyond the rhetorical convention.—I am, &c.,

STUDENT.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

MR. JEROME'S "SECOND THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FELLOW."

MOST of the critics lecture Mr. Jerome for lecturing.

"Mr. Jerome on telephones, and shopping, and amateur carpentering [says the *Westminster Gazette*] is all right and quite funny. But Mr. Jerome endeavouring, like Heine, to feed on the fixed stars, or brooding, like Carlyle, on the immensities and the eternities, is not right at all. The transition is too abrupt. 'Of what use,' he cries, 'our mad striving, our passionate desire? Will it matter to the ages whether once upon a time the Union Jack or the Tricolour floated over the battlement of Badajoz?' Again and again the blitest moments are blighted by this sudden melancholy."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* critic finds some of Mr. Jerome's chapters funny—but

"Mr. Jerome will not consent to be merely funny; he must be 'humorous' in the wider sense. And so through most of his book he is in the pulpit, moralising on life, men, and women. Let us take only one specimen; if any one wants more he will find plenty:

"Ah, yes, I too could talk like that—I, writer of books, to the young lad, sick of his office stool, dreaming of a literary career leading to fame and fortune. "And do you think, lad, that by that road you will reach happiness sooner than by another? Do you think interviews with yourself in penny weeklies will bring you any satisfaction after the first half-dozen? Do you think the gushing female who has read all your books, and who wonders what it must feel like to be so clever, will be welcome to you the tenth time you meet her."

Mr. Jerome goes on to remark that it would really do no good to say that to the youth, and that it is, perhaps, better to have the dream for a while. Sound enough, no doubt; we make no complaint as to the soundness of his moralisings. We do not object to its mere commonplaceness. But when it is written throughout in this worse than pulpit jargon, when Mr. Jerome epitomises his style and spirit by addressing his 'dear reader' in the vocative, above all, when he labels them an 'idle' fellow's thoughts, we do object. 'Idle!' He has sat down with a conviction that the public won't be happy till it gets him, summoned

all his energies to the process of thinking, and spread himself and the result. We do not hesitate to express our preference for the consciously funny Mr. Jerome."

The *Daily Mail* asks whether journalism has had an enervating influence on Mr. Jerome, and

"the question is one which he would do well to ask himself, if only for the reason that everyone else who is interested in his work has been asking it for some time past. Here is a man who made a conspicuous success with one book, *Three Men in a Boat*. It became the fashion to sneer at what was called the cockney vulgarity of that book; but the young men it deals with were cockney 'bounders,' and their vulgarity was of their nature. Then Mr. Jerome, with a very laudable ambition, tried to show that he could be serious as well as humorous. But the British public can get all the seriousness it wants, without applying to Mr. Jerome for it. The gift of humour is rare, and for every humorous writer there are a thousand serious ones. . . . Any one can 'sit on the fence' and turn out by the yard such moralisings as those of Mr. Jerome's on Little Jack and Little Jill. On the other hand, very few writers could tell with such neatness and point the story (page 51) of the little girl who wanted to go to the circus. Pathos, to be natural, should be unforced. In the present volume it is very strained. The whole book is commonplace to a degree."

The *Saturday Review* is unkind, and would-be witty. Its review of Mr. Jerome's book is as follows:

"Says Mr. Jerome, on page 9, 'We grow so tired of being always ourselves.' For our part, we wish he would change into some one who didn't write books like this."

The *Daily Chronicle's* critic shrugs his shoulders at Mr. Jerome's "fits of questioning the universe"; but he has evidently enjoyed the book:

"The wise critic who reads this book under a tree, assisted by a tumbler of some cooling liquid which is absorbed reflectively through a straw, will find the *New Humour* a very quaint, agreeable rather old-fashioned companion. Nothing will surprise him, except Mr. Jerome's occasional lapses into the sardonic. 'Have you thought of the uncomplimentary criticisms, of the spiteful paragraphs, of the everlasting fear of slipping a few inches down the greasy pole called "popular taste," to which you are condemned to cling for life, as some lesser criminal to his weary tread-mill, struggling with no hope, but not to fall?' This is wholly out of keeping with the thermometer. So is this apostrophe to 'Dick,' who has risen to the editorship of a great newspaper. 'You spread about the message—well, the message that Sir Joseph Goldbug, your proprietor, instructs you to spread abroad. You teach mankind the lessons that Sir Joseph Goldbug wishes them to learn. They say he is to have a peerage next year. I am sure he has earned it; and perhaps there may be a knighthood for you, Dick.' Well, the man who imagines himself a 'lesser criminal' on a 'greasy pole' may be excused for foolish fantasies about editors and proprietors, and for ignorance of great newspapers. Besides, Dick is credited with moments when he wishes himself back among the 'old egg-boxes' in the 'dingy rooms in Camden Town,' with his youth, and his loves and beliefs, which in those far-off days had not been sacrificed to the soaring ambition of Sir Joseph. Fortunately, Mr. Jerome is not sardonic very long. . . . The essay 'On the

Care and Management of Women,' with its story of the young man and maiden who were mistaken for a newly married pair on a coach, is in Mr. Jerome's most successful vein. The critic prefers that anecdote to the essayist's reflections upon 'Mother Nature.'"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, August 25.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

THE TEMPLE WAVERLEY NOVELS: KENILWORTH. By Sir Walter Scott. 2 vols.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN INDEX TO THE WILLS AND INVENTORIES NOW PRESERVED IN THE PROBATE REGISTRY AT CHESTER, FROM A.D. 1761 to 1780. A—M. Edited by W. Fergusson Irvine. The Record Society.

THE ROYALIST COMPOSITION PAPERS: BEING THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE FOR COMPOUNDING, A.D. 1643-1860, SO FAR AS THEY RELATE TO THE COUNTY OF LANCASTER. Vol. IV. I—O. Edited by J. H. Stanning. The Record Society.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

HUNTING TRIPS IN THE CAUCASUS. By E. Demidoff, Prince San Donato. Rowland Ward. 21s.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. make numerous announcements. The following works are in the press, and will shortly be issued: *Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes*, by A. M. F.—this book will deal with Hanoverian and French Society under King Ernest and the Emperor Napoleon III.; *The Life of William Morris*, by Mr. J. W. Mackail, with portraits; the fourth and final volume of *The Memoirs of the Verney Family, from the Restoration to the Revolution*, bringing the family history down to the death of Sir Ralph Verney in 1696. This firm will also issue a new novel by Edna Lyall, entitled *Hope the Hermit*, dealing with events of the seventeenth century.

AMONG Messrs. Methuen's announcements for the autumn publishing season are the following works: *Northward: Over the Great Ice*, by Lieutenant R. E. Peary. In this work Lieutenant Peary tells the story of his travels and adventures in the arctic regions. His sledge journey and his experiences among the Eskimos are fully described, and this book is a complete record of his Arctic work, for which the Royal Geographical Society has this year awarded him their gold medal. *The Highest Andes*, by E. A. FitzGerald. This is a narrative of the highest climb yet accomplished. The illustrations have been reproduced with the greatest care, and the book, in addition to its adventurous interest, contains appendices of scientific value. Both the above works will be fully illustrated. Messrs. Methuen will also issue shortly an edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* with illustrations by Mr. Anning Bell. In Fiction this firm

has a good list, headed by a new novel by Mr. Gilbert Parker, called *The Battle of the Strong*, and a new novel by Mr. George Gissing, entitled *The Town Traveller*. Other new novels will be *Things that Have Happened*, by Miss Dorothea Gerard; *From the East unto the West*, by Miss Jane Barlow; *The Journalist*, by C. F. Keary; and *To Arms!* by Andrew Balfour.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT will publish shortly a new novel by M. Bernard Hamilton, entitled *The Light*. The book is expected to shed fresh light on many controversies, religious and otherwise, of present interest, and will be fully illustrated by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will issue on Monday Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's latest collection of stories, *Tales of the Home Folk in Peace and War*; and on the same day a volume of sketches, bearing the title *Hush-a-by Papers*, by Mr. J. R. Clegg.

In the September number of *Cosmopolis* Bismarck will be the leading theme. Mr. Frederick Greenwood will contribute the English appreciation, and Max Lenz the German one. Who will do the French, we wonder? Mr. G. S. Street will contribute a short story, entitled "A Warning."

MR. C. A. PEARSON, LTD., announces the following among other novels: *Stories in Light and Shadow*, by Bret Harte; *Adventures of Captain Kettle*, by C. J. Cunliffe Hyne; *The Phantom Army*, by Max Pemberton; *Despair's Last Journey*, by David Christie Murray; *Settled Out of Court*, by G. B. Burgin.

Among the articles in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September are two of especial interest, owing to the affairs of Spain at the present moment. One is "The Spaniard at Home," by Miss Hannah Lynch; the other is entitled "The End of an Old Song," and contains the "Confessions of a Cuban Governor." Among the other contents of the magazine is a paper on "The Company and the Individual," in view of present financial events.

The new volume of the "Book Lovers' Library" will be *Book Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century*, by Mr. John Lawler, compiler of the Ashburton and Sunderland Sale Catalogues. It will contain much fresh information concerning the book auctions of the period it represents, more particularly those held by Edward Millington, William Cooper, and John Dunton.

MESSRS. JACKSONS, publishers, Brigg, have just issued a *Dictionary of Bird Notes*, with a glossary of popular local and old-fashioned synonyms of British birds, by Mr. Charles Louis Hett, of Spring Field, Brigg, Lincolnshire. Ornithologists will welcome this volume, which has been in preparation for many months.

MR. CHARLES HANNAN's new historical romance announced for early publication by Mr. John Long will, in order to avoid conflicting with other works already published, be now called *Castle Oriol, or the King's Secret*, in place of the previously chosen title, "The Secret of the King."

MESSRS. JAKEMAN & CARVER (Hereford) have just published *The Hundred of Huntington*, a part towards a new volume of the history of that county. It was originally taken in hand by John Duncumb so far back as 1788, when it was largely promoted by the Duke of Norfolk of that day. Duncumb died in 1739, having written two volumes containing the history of the county and city of Hereford, the Hundreds of Broxash and Ewias Lacy, with a few pages of Greytree Hundred. The late Judge W. H. Cooke succeeded, finishing the Hundred of Greytree and that of Grims-worth. After his death Rev. M. G. Watkins, M.A., took up the task, largely aided by the Judge's collections, which were kindly made over by his widow. He has continued the history in the form of Hundreds, and included in that of Huntington the parishes of Brilley, Clifford, Eardisley, Huntington, Kington, Whitney, and others.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS

TO

"THE ACADEMY."

The following have appeared, and the numbers containing them can still be obtained; or Complete Sets may be had separately.

	1896.
BEN JONSON	November 14
JOHN KEATS	" 21
SIR JOHN SUCKLING	" 28
TOM HOOD	December 5
THOMAS GRAY	" 12
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	" 19
SIR WALTER SCOTT	" 26
	1897.
SAMUEL RICHARDSON	January 2
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